## Good Old Yale's Birthday Party—By Jesse Lynch Williams


# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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# The White Invasion of China

## By U. S. Senator Albert J. Beveridge

DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

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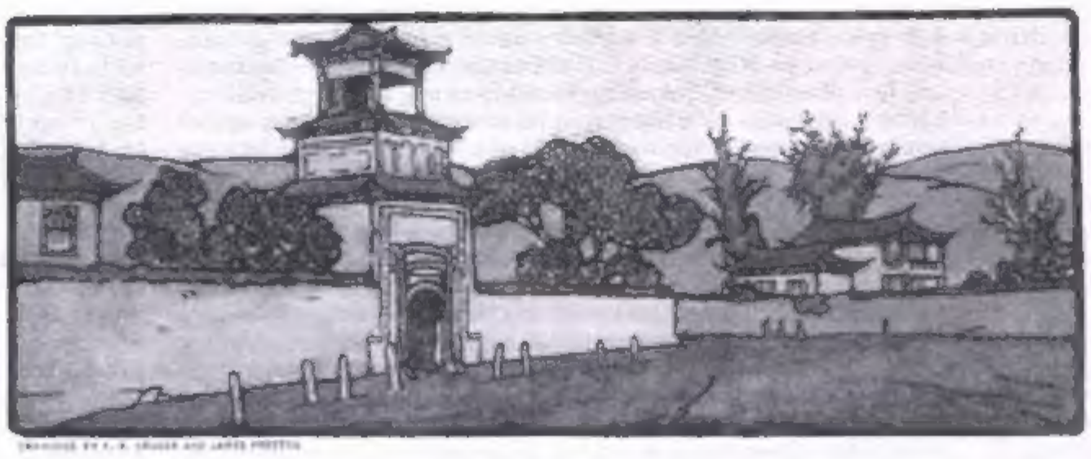
# The White Invasion of China

## By Albert J. Beveridge

U. S. Senator from Indiana



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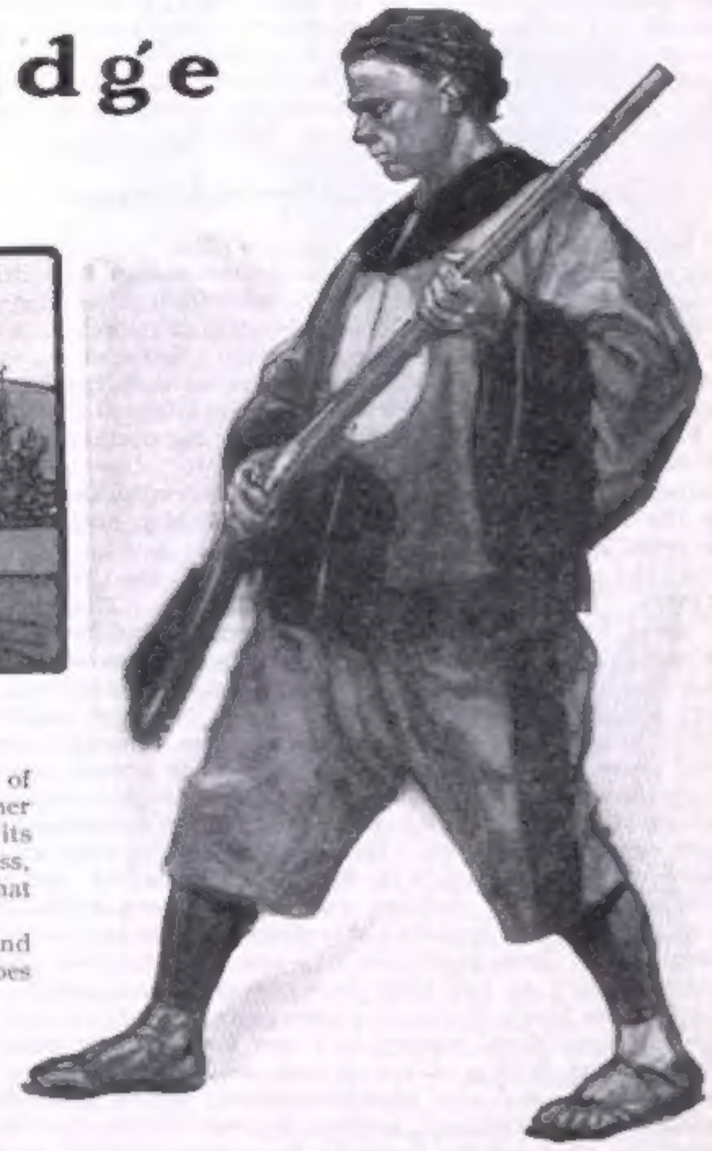

HOW RUSSIA IS ABSORBING MANCHURIA

PERHAPS no study is so important in the development of the policy of a nation as the study of maps and the study of men—maps of the world and races of men. It is with countries and peoples that a nation must deal. And the location of the countries, the nature of their resources and the character of their peoples are the elements for consideration in solving foreign commercial problems.

What America is looking for is trade. We are looking for many other higher and nobler things also; but trade, commerce, the sale of our products, is the method of keeping ourselves alive while we are working out what to so many appear the higher problems. Commerce is the physical basis, as it were, of a nation, just as food and exercise and all that leads to health constitute the physical basis of active manhood.

But trade means markets. And if we are prosperous trade means foreign markets. For if we are prosperous we produce more than we consume. We cannot sell to each other everything we raise and make. We cannot live upon ourselves. We must always sell something of what we raise and make to other people. We must dispose of our surplus abroad. And upon the sale of our surplus abroad depends the prosperous condition of all our commerce, domestic as well as foreign, since the price of the surplus fixes the price of everything else.

These considerations are as true of every other commercial nation of the world as they are of America. The other nations of the world are studying them with the same keenness with which America is studying them, if not greater. And the other nations of the world are acting on the conclusions at which they arrive from such study.

### *The World's Uncontrolled Markets*

It is equally clear to the commercial student of geography, in London or Berlin or St. Petersburg or New York, when he consults the world's map, that the markets of Europe are congested and admit of no great further expansion. The same is true of the markets of America. That is to say, first, that the people of Europe and the people of America have almost reached the limit of their purchasing power, and hence cannot buy very much more in the future than they are buying at present; and second, that the people of Europe and America are themselves making almost enough for their needs and in many lines a very great deal more. Almost all of the nations of Europe and America are producing a surplus.

A third thing becomes apparent to this commercial student of the world's map, whether he be in Paris or Moscow or Chicago, and that is, that the markets of Europe, America and Central and South America are under control. That is to say, they are markets of nations that can absolutely control the import or export trade of those markets. For example, Germany can, by tariff or any other method she pleases, shut out the goods of all the world from her markets; so can France, the United States or any other modern nation. Each nation of this class exercises absolute control over its markets. It closes them or opens them, makes them easy or difficult of access, influenced only by the consideration of what will be best for the people of that particular nation.

A last fact is also apparent to this student of the map of the world, and that fact is that the most populous portion of the surface of the earth does not control its own markets. This portion of the earth's surface is Asia, and especially the Empire of China with its 400,000,000 of consumers. The importance of this statement will be dealt with in subsequent papers. Finally it will appear to the observer of world conditions that the vigorous nations of the world are extending the sphere of the control which they exercise over their own markets within their own borders, over other markets outside of their borders. And it will appear to the student of races that this expansion of control, or the neglect of it, is one of the measures of the rising or declining vitality of the peoples engaged in such expansion or contraction of their commercial influence.

Bearing in mind these fundamental truths, let us consider their most remarkable illustration in recent years—the expansion of Russian influence throughout Manchuria.

What is Manchuria?

If you will take Germany and France you will not have a territory any larger than the three great Chinese provinces combined under the general term Manchuria.

England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales are not one-half so large as Manchuria.

If you will take Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota, their combined area is less than that of Manchuria.

Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey and all New England are less than one-half the size of Manchuria and no richer in resources.

### *The Vast Mineral Wealth of Manchuria*

We thus see that Manchuria is, in territorial extent, itself an empire. It is an empire more favorably situated as to its climatic conditions than any part of Asia. It is in the same latitude as southern Canada and the northern portion of the United States. Its northern limits are about the same as the northern limits of Quebec. Its southern limits are about the same as the southern limits of Virginia. It is bounded on the north by the richest portions of Siberia, which less than fifty years ago was itself a part of the dominion of the Manchus; for eight hundred miles on the east by the grain fields of the Ussuri district of Russian Siberia, also until recently a part of the Chinese Empire; on the east and south by Korea, over which the world's next great war is to be fought, and soon; on the west by the Mongolian Desert, a tongue of whose sands extends into Manchuria; and on the south by the gulfs and extensions of the Yellow Sea, which touches or commands much of commercial China. On these gulfs are two of the finest military and commercial ports of Asia or the world—Port Arthur and Talienhwan or, as the Russians call it, Dalni.

This enormous territory is fertilized by rivers running both north and south. The valleys of these rivers and the plains beyond the valleys are as fertile as those of the Sangamon in Illinois or the Miami in Ohio. Chains of mountains traverse the northwest and southeast and again the northeastern portion of this great region. The northern mountains are rich in gold, possibly richer than the gold-fields of that portion of Siberia which is just across the river from them and of whose astonishing wealth the world at large seems to be in such profound ignorance. The mountains to the southeast and south are full of iron and coal. The coal now being turned out in quantities at Shanhaikwan, just beyond the southwestern borders of Manchuria and directly on the Gulf of Liao-Toung, is equal for all purposes to the coal produced in the United States.

Here, then, is an empire capable of sustaining fifty million people and with scarcely more than 15,000,000 inhabitants at present; an empire with two of the best ports in the world for commercial and military purposes, with coal of a high quality immediately at hand; an empire which, in climatic conditions, has far the best location of any land in Asia; an empire which, in its strategic situation, is second only to the commanding position of Japan itself.

Moreover, Manchuria now consumes more than one-third of American exports to the whole of China.

### *Russia's Tightening Grip on Chinese Domain*

And over all of this territory Russia has spread her tangible influence in less than seven years, with the loss of scarcely a man and the expenditure of hardly a dollar outside of her railway investment. You may almost say that Russia has acquired Manchuria, although it is nominally Chinese and not Russian, and its governors are appointed by the Chinese Emperor. For no matter what treaties say, no matter what may be the statements of diplomacy regarding Manchuria, the fact exists that its fate is practically in the hands of Russia. It may continue as a province of China, but, if it does, it does so by Russia's grace and not of Russia's necessity. Its ports may remain open to the trade of the world, but, if they do, it will be because of the breadth of Russia's policy and not because of the limitations of her power. For Russia, for all practical purposes, holds every foot of Manchuria in her firm, her masterful, her intelligent grasp. Russian, law, in the sense that all shall have justice regularly administered; Russian order, in the sense that murder and outrage by robber bands and savage clans shall cease; Russian system, in the sense that regularity and method shall succeed social, political and commercial chaos—Russian law and order and system, as thus defined, have come into Manchuria and will remain there forever. Chinese law still exists in Manchuria; but it is now promptly and impartially administered. Forever is a long time, but you may use the word with reference to Russia in Manchuria, because it is a fact to which attention will be hereafter given that Russia has never yet permanently retreated from any spot where her authority has been established. An achievement so vast, so quietly accomplished, so cheaply secured, so easily consummated, so important in itself and so beyond calculation in its influence upon the rest of the world, compels the admiration of every thinking mind, no matter whether you fear or whether you applaud while you admire.

The methods by which it was accomplished are as engaging as they are instructive. Their interest to an American will increase to appreciation when he reflects that for the Philippines we paid twenty million dollars before beginning our occupation of the islands, and have expended hundreds

of lives and many millions of dollars since then. To the Englishman, the story of Russian expansion in Manchuria should teach something more than mere inflammatory protest, when he reflects on his decades of blunder — bloody and costly blunder — in learning the lessons of colonial government in India. To the German, with his declared policy of "Drang nach Osten" and the development of the German mixed military-commercial-diplomatic program, the process of the Russianization of Manchuria should be most valuable. To the student of civilization everywhere something will be presented of greater moment than the story of the civilizing movements of races in the past, because here is the civilizing movement of a race in the present. And to the American farmer, to the American manufacturer, to the American producer of every class to whom the hard and practical consideration of where to sell his goods has become, and will more and more become, the pressing problem, the present occurrences in Manchuria are of the most immediate importance.

### *The Cossacks' Work of Peaceful Conquest*

In investigations of this kind, quite as much as in the scientific examination of any subject, we must reason back from the smaller facts to the larger ones, and from all of them to general principles. The Baconian system of induction is the only scientific method of thought in the science of states as well as in the science of matter. Let us then begin with the small and apparently incidental observations of a journey.

First of all, for a thousand miles along the northern border of Manchuria not a Chinaman is visible. One year ago Chinese villages, though not numerous, nevertheless existed on the southern bank of the Amur. To-day not one can be seen, and even the ruins of only one can be detected along the northern boundary of Manchuria. But the Cossack is there. He is not there in large numbers. The Cossack is never in any place in large numbers. One Cossack is as valuable for thrusting forward the boundaries of empire as a hundred ordinary soldiers; and yet the Russian ordinary soldier is superb. But the Cossack has inherited from father to son, through generations running through a thousand years, the instinct of the frontier. He knows instinctively how to inspire with fear or affection the senile or savage tribes with which his ancestors for centuries have been coming in contact. He impregnates the very atmosphere with the authority of Russia. And so not many of him are necessary and not many of him are used along these interminable stretches of frontier which he sentinels and safeguards. Sometimes you will see him standing alone, silently gazing at you from the Chinese shore. Sometimes you will see him with two or three comrades. At two points only in many days' journey will you find a larger number of him than half a dozen at one single place. One of these spots is opposite Blagovestchensk, where a hundred Cossacks are encamped; another is near Aigun, ten miles down the river, where barracks have been erected on the Manchurian shore as the general headquarters of the entire military of that region. Without further than noting that the northern frontier of Manchuria is sentineled by Cossacks, let us pass this most dramatic figure of Russia for the present in order to observe him more adequately hereafter.

### *Americans Outdistanced by Alert Germans*

Though Russia's natural and most employed road into Manchuria is by the Sungari River, navigable for hundreds of miles from the Amur into the interior, the real door to Manchuria is Nikolsk, the centre of the grain fields to the north of Vladivostok. It is nearly seventy miles from the frontier, but it is the point where the Vladivostok branch of the great Manchurian Railroad joins the present Siberian Railroad into Vladivostok. You will find American plows, reapers and threshing machines for sale in Nikolsk. It is the local commercial centre of the district. It is the rendezvous for immense military forces, and it is the general administrative headquarters of the great Manchurian Railway, now under construction.

"Yes," said an extremely intelligent commercial man to me, referring to the prairies north of Vladivostok, "these fields were all once occupied by Chinamen, but now, as you see, they are as fully occupied by the Russian peasant, his wife and children, as if this had always been a part of Russia. That has not been so very long ago either; not forty years, in fact. It is quite impossible to explain the retirement of the Chinese. There was no friction between the people and the Russian peasant."

This singular fact, which repeats itself in many different phases, is one of the most significant truths in the peculiar progress of Russian expansion: "Never any friction between the Russian and the native." The person who cannot live in harmony with the Russian moujik is contention and animosity and all-quarrelsomeness itself. For the Russian moujik, stupid and ignorant man, and ruinous agriculturist as he is, yet wins his fields from man and nature by two invariable qualities: his fixedness to the soil and the stolidity of his good nature.

The merchant who pointed out the fact of the disappearance of the Chinaman and the appearance of the Russian agricultural peasant throughout the grain district surrounding Nikolsk was a German. That is a fact which has nothing to do with the Russian problem we are examining, but a great deal to do with the general situation of the Orient and the world. It is a fact to which the American business man must give almost, if not quite, as great attention as to the steady advance of Russian influence over the only remaining unexploited markets of the world — the markets of China. The principal merchants of Nikolsk are Germans; the principal merchants of Vladivostok are Germans; the principal merchants of Blagovestchensk are Germans. In the heart of Manchuria the manager of the immense commercial establishment which supplies the railroad with provisions of every kind was a young German, twenty-four years of age, handsome in appearance, American in his alertness, brilliant in his speech, encyclopædically informed. These are no accidental illustrations. All over the Orient they exist; all over Siberia they exist; all over the world they exist. It is sufficient for the moment to glance at this commercial phenomenon as we pass, that we may return to it with the seriousness its importance deserves when we reach it later.

### *Statecraft that Looks a Century Ahead*

About Nikolsk are military barracks and storehouses. Whatever you think of the policy, you cannot but respect the power and strategical farsightedness of the men who erected on this spot the tremendous and substantial military buildings that exist there. From Nikolsk, Russia can pour her warriors into Manchuria, Korea, Japan with almost equal facility. At Nikolsk Russia's martial thousands can be fed more easily than elsewhere in her far Eastern dominions. And so Nikolsk is full of barracks. And the barracks are full of soldiers. And these soldiers are drilling, drilling, always drilling. Drilling, that is, when they are not on active duty. You may drive to one side of the city until you emerge upon a great open, surrounded by barracks and arsenals, and on every side there is preparation, practice. From one building come the strains of music of a military band — it is practicing. From another, a company of white-capped soldiers are issuing and falling into line — they are practicing. Yonder comes the artillery with all the haste of battle — it is practicing. Scatter and skirmish line, close order for cavalry attack, sudden whirl from one position to another — all the evolutions of actual fight are before your eyes. But where is that stern secrecy, that black and forbidding hand which thrusts the observer from out her gates or blindfolds him while he remains inside, which the Anglo-Saxon world has been taught to associate with Russia and all things Russian? You have asked no permission to drive upon this field of Mars. You have shown no permit. Yet your appearance is taken quite as a matter of course. Officers attend to their martial duties without appearing even to notice you. No frowning policeman asks your business. No polite messenger requests you to retire. Observe to your full; make notes to your full; the Russian Bear is very clearly asleep. But to find out whether he is really asleep is more valuable even than the privilege of undisturbed observation. Let the interpreter take a pocket camera and try to photograph them; surely that will be forbidden. But they do not appear to notice him. In Japan he would have been arrested for such daring. Go up to an officer now; call his attention to the fact that here is a camera and that you would like to photograph these warlike manœuvres, these throngs of soldiers, these barracks, this astonishing permanent camp. With a pleasant smile he tells you to photograph what you please and as much as you please; and the illusion of the black and forbidding hand begins to fade. The Bear is not sleeping then; so far as this incident reveals him, he is merely a very good-natured, a very sensible and a very powerful creature, whose consciousness of his power makes him welcome your observation and smile at your criticism and the world's.

There must be a meaning in all this. But, if you ask what that meaning is; if you ask why all these preparations, why these storehouses, why these drilling hosts; you must again look at the map of the Far East and write across the whole of it the words of Washington, "In time of peace prepare for war," and then reflect that perhaps the same thought has occurred to Russian statesmen, too. Yes, study the map of Asia and run back over Russia's farsighted and patient policy, which has always looked ahead and considered the needs of the Russian people a century beyond the immediate moment, and perhaps an explanation will spring from these combined considerations.

### *The Velvet Glove on the Iron Hand*

They were strange companies that, during the summer of 1901, proceeded daily from Nikolsk toward the Manchurian frontier. They were strange companies that during the same period and for three or four years before floated down the broad and treacherous Amur. But that is another tale. Going into Manchuria from Nikolsk, the observer might any day during last summer have witnessed Russian soldiers, of course; not in troops or companies, but in twos and threes or in little clumps of a dozen perhaps; Russian officers, of course; here and there a Chinaman; and, most significant of all, and perhaps most numerous of all, the wiry-framed, contemptible-looking Koreans. And again you are struck by the fact (nay! if you be an Anglo-Saxon you are startled by it) that all of this mingled motley of humanity get along in perfect harmony. The bronzed Korean, the queued Chinaman and the blue-eyed, yellow-haired Russian soldier arrange themselves on an open flat car in a human mosaic of mutual agreeableness. There is no race prejudice here then! Superior to all the world as the Russian believes himself, he shows no offensive manner toward the other races with which he so picturesquely mingles. It is a thing you must have noticed up in Siberia, where the Russian peasant is also coming in contact with semi-Oriental peoples. But, with the blood of racial bigotry coursing through your veins, here this social fusion of races startles you. It is a strange page suddenly opened before you. And it is a page you will read again and again every day as long as you are in Manchuria. And from a reading of it a lesson may be learned and part of Russia's secret of dominion revealed.

Grodekof is the name of the beautiful little Russian town which stands at the frontier of Manchuria, so styled in honor of the Governor-General. Its streets are broad — broad as the streets of an American frontier town; its surveying is regular — regular again as that of an American town. Common features, these, of Russian towns with American towns. But for the speech of the people, the white-uniformed officers and the touch of Orientalism which every cottage suggests, a town of Russia or Siberia might be an American town; and this is repeated on the borders of Manchuria. Civilization then is pushing forward by forced marches into northern Asia. You can see that easily enough; for here at the gates of Manchuria, near a region which ten years ago was the haunt of robbers, are a modern town, modern commerce, modern order and that modern safety which comes from regular laws regularly enforced. The word enforced may be repeated, for with all his defects, and he has many of them, the Slav administers his laws. He does not administer them brutally, as is supposed, nor even sternly except when he must. Under the electric lights of the railway station at Grodekof two Chinamen were fiercely fighting. The Chinaman is very quick in wrath, mind you, and fights at the drop of a hat. It is strange that this is not generally known. The Russian soldier, acting as policeman, did not separate them with bayonet, did not use a club nor even a whip. He sprang forward and with his open hand slapped one of the Chinamen on the cheek, whirling the other one with his other hand away from his fellow-combatant. That was all. It was the prompt stopping of a row that might have ended in a riot. In Hongkong or other English-governed portions of China a cane on the bare back of a Chinaman who insists on what is thought too large a fee is a common occurrence. But inside Manchuria we shall surely see deeds of cruelty, for we all know that Russia is establishing her authority there. And is it not the understanding of every one that Russia plants her power in the soil of desolation and fertilizes it with blood? She is successful, however, all will admit, and since she is gradually extending her control over the future markets of the world — the lion's share of which naturally belongs to America — it is important to understand the processes by which she extends her influence so that we may know whether we shall attempt to check her or whether some other course is more rational.

But, in spite of your sanguinary expectations, the first thing that strikes you in the first beautiful valley through which you go after you enter Manchuria is cultivated fields and peaceful people. In China itself, you will not observe greater liberty of action among an industrious population. As a matter of fact the Chinamen who have returned to their fields are enjoying a peace and undisturbedness of industry never heard of before in this part of Manchuria. It is very like the peace and unterrorized contentment that those people in the Philippines, who till the soil or engage in any industry, are enjoying wherever the military authority of the United States has been exercised sternly and persistently.

One Russian method of empire then seems to be the safeguarding of peaceable industry.

### *Russia's Object-Lesson in Cleanliness*

Chinese towns are organized filthiness. They are quite impossible of description. The streets are rambling and sickening; in rainy weather they are miry with a slime compounded from all the elements that might offend both sight and smell. You see mixtures being made on the soil in front of Chinese shops and stores in the ordinary Chinese commercial town (not in the great cities, although these are hideous enough, as the ordinary traveler will tell you, nor yet in mere rural villages) which will nauseate you if you do not pass by rapidly. The shops are poor structures of wood and earth; the homes themselves are mud. This is the town you will see all over Manchuria and this the town you will see all over China. But side by side with it in Manchuria you will see something that you do not see in China — something so surprising that it seems almost unreal. And indeed it is a miracle. It may be a miracle of autocracy, but it is a very wholesome and heartsome and benevolent miracle. This phenomenon is a modern town planted side by side with the congeries of hovels which comprise the Chinese town just described. Brick buildings of substantial construction and not uninviting architecture stand completed and others are rising by their side. Broad streets, regularly laid out; not paved yet, of course, for the town itself is only building, but streets with gutters along the sides and with hard-beaten gravel covering their convex surface, and in far better condition than the streets of most of the cities of modern Russia.

For the same curious and inspiring process is at work here which is at work at Manila, at Bombay, or any place in the world where a vigorous nation goes out from its borders and does new work in foreign lands. Its new work is better than the old neglected work at home. Its fresh creations beyond its own borders are improvements on the undisturbed conditions which at home have been inherited from the past. And so it is that constructive colonization has always acted as an improvement on the conditions of the country from which the colonizers come. So it is that the regeneration of Calcutta and Bombay sowed the seeds of the regeneration of Birmingham and Glasgow. So it is that renovated Manila will send back many an American ashamed of the condition of his own town. So it is that the police force of the capital of the Philippines, unsurpassed in appearance, efficiency and discipline in the world, will have an inspiring effect upon the guardians of order throughout the United States. For the American police of Manila, in appearance, equipment, discipline, manner and efficiency, are not equaled by the police of St. Petersburg or Berlin, not equaled by the guardians of law in any American city, and would probably be selected in a competitive review of the world's constabulary as the finest body of men of the kind in existence.

These generalizations suggest themselves, for, after all, no fact is of importance which is not, in its elements, a universal fact, and we care for nothing in Manchuria or in any other part of the earth which has not its lesson for us.

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**Editor's Note — This is the first of a series of papers on new commercial, social and diplomatic conditions in the Far East. These articles are based on material gathered by Senator Beveridge during his recent stay of five months in Asiatic countries.**

# Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

***From John Graham, at Hot Springs, Arkansas, to his son, Pierrepont, at the Union Stock Yards, in Chicago.***

— asked me to see that he wasn't bullied by the bigger boys

HOT SPRINGS,
January 15, 189—.

*Dear Pierrepont:*

They've run me through the scalding vats here till they've pretty nearly taken all the hair off my hide, but that or something else has loosened up my joints so that they don't squeak any more when I walk. The doctor says he'll have my rheumatism cured in thirty days, so I guess you can expect me home in about a fortnight. For he's the breed of doctor that is always two weeks ahead of his patients' condition when they're poor, and two weeks behind it when they're rich. He calls himself a specialist, which means that it costs me ten dollars every time he has a look in at my tongue, against two that I would pay the family doctor for gratifying his curiosity. But I guess this specialist business is about the only outlet for marketing the surplus of young doctors.

Reminds me of the time when we were piling up canned corned beef in stock faster than people would eat it, and a big drought happened along in Texas and began driving the canners in to the packing-house quicker than we could tuck them away in tin. Jim Durham tried to "stimulate the consumption," as he put it, by getting up a nice little booklet called A Hundred Dainty Dishes from a Can, and telling how to work off corned beef on the family in various disguises; but, after he had schemed out ten different combinations, the other ninety turned out to be corned-beef hash. So that was no use.

But one day we got together and had a nice, fancy, appetizing label printed, and we didn't economize on the gilt—a picture of a steer so fat that he looked as if he'd break his legs if they weren't reinforced pretty quick with props, and with blue ribbons tied to his horns. We labeled it Blue Ribbon Beef—For Fancy Family Trade, and charged an extra ten cents a dozen for the cans on which that special label was pasted. Of course, people just naturally wanted it.

There's nothing helps convince some men that a thing has merit like a little gold on the label. And it's pretty safe to bet that if a fellow needs a six or seven syllabled word to describe his profession, he's a corn doctor when you come to look him up in the dictionary. And then you'll generally find him in the back part of the book where they tuck away the doubtful words.

But that isn't what I started out to say. I want to tell you that I was very, very glad to learn from your letter that you had been promoted to the billing desk. I have felt all along that when you got a little of the nonsense tried out of you there would be a residue of common-sense, and I am glad to have your boss back up my judgment. There's two things you just naturally don't expect from human nature—that the widow's tombstone estimate of the departed, on which she is trying to convince the neighbors against their better judgment that he went to Heaven, or the father's estimate of the son, on which he is trying to pass him along into a good salary, will be conservative.

I had that driven into my mind and spiked down when I hired the widow's son a few years ago. His name was Clarence—Clarence St. Clair Hicks—and his father used to keep books for me when he wasn't picking the winners at Washington Park or figuring out the batting averages of the Chicagos. He was one of those quick men who always have their books posted up half an hour before closing time for three weeks of the month and spend the evenings of the fourth hunting up the eight cents that they are out on the trial balance. When he died his wife found that his life insurance had lapsed the month before, and so she brought Clarence down to the office and asked me to give him a job.

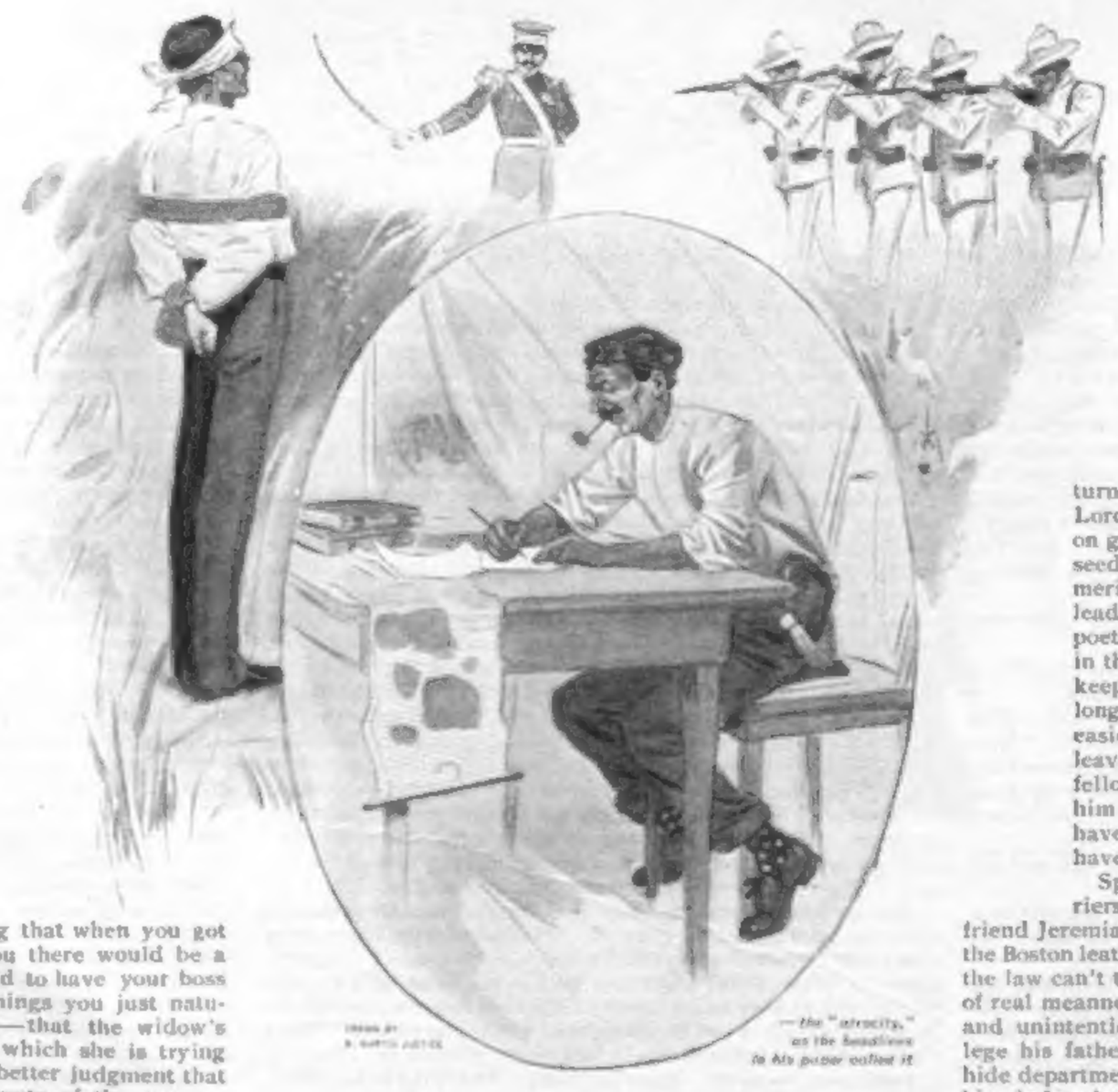
Clarence wasn't exactly a pretty boy; in fact, he looked to me like another of his father's bad breaks, but his mother seemed to think a heap of him. I learned that he would have held the belt in his Sunday-school for long-distance verse-reciting if the mother of one of the other boys hadn't fixed the superintendent, and that it had taken a general conspiracy of the teachers in his day-school to keep him from walking off with the good-conduct medal.

I couldn't just reconcile those statements with Clarence's face, but I accepted him at par and had him passed along to the head errand boy. His mother cried a little when she saw him marched off, and asked me to see that he was treated kindly and wasn't bullied by the bigger boys, because he had been "raised a pet."

A number of unusual things happened in the offices that morning and the head office boy thought Clarence might be able to explain some of them, but he had an alibi ready every time—even when a bookkeeper found the vault filled with cigarette smoke and Clarence in it hunting for something he couldn't describe. But as he was a new boy no one was disposed to bear down on him very hard, so his cigarettes were taken away from him and he was sent back to his bench with a warning that he had used up all his explanations.

Along toward noon a big Boston customer came in with his little boy—a nice, plump, stall-fed youngster, with black velvet pants and hair that was just a little longer than was safe in the stock-yards district. And while we were talking business the kid wandered off to the coat-room where the errand boys were eating lunch, which was a pretty desperate place for a boy with velvet pants on to go.

As far as we could learn from Willie when he came out of his convulsions, the boys had been very polite to him and had insisted on his joining in a new game which Clarence had just invented, called playing pig-sticker. And, because he was company, Clarence told him that he could be the pig. Willie didn't know just what being the pig meant, but, as he told his father, it didn't sound very nice and he was afraid he wouldn't like it. So he tried to pass along the honor to some one else, but Clarence insisted that it was "hot stuff to be the pig," and before Willie could rightly judge what was happening to him one end of a rope had been tied around his right ankle and the other end had been passed over a transom bar, and he was dangling headforemost in the air, while Clarence threatened his jugular with a lath sword. That was when he let out the yell which brought his father and me on the jump and scattered the boys all over the stock yards.



— the "atrocity," as the headlines in his paper called it

Willie's father canceled his bologna contract and marched off muttering something about "degrading surroundings brutalizing the young;" and Clarence's mother wrote me that I was a bad old man who had held her husband down all his life and now wouldn't give her son a show. For, naturally, after that little incident, I had told the boy who had been raised a pet that he had better go back to the menagerie.

Clarence insisted that it was "hot stuff to be the pig"

I simply mention Clarence in passing as an instance of why I am a little slow to trust my judgment on my own. I have always found that, whenever I thought a heap of anything I owned, there was nothing like getting the other fellow's views expressed in figures; and the other fellow is usually a pessimist when he's buying. The lady on the dollar is the only woman that hasn't any sentiment in her make-up. And if you really want a look at the solid facts of a thing you must strain off the sentiment first.

I put you under Milligan to get a view of you through his eyes. If he says that you are good enough to be a billing clerk, and to draw twelve dollars a week, I guess there's no doubt about it. For he's one of those men that never show any enthusiasm except when they're cussing.

Naturally, it's a great satisfaction to see a streak or two of business ability beginning to show under the knife, because when it comes closing time for me it will make it a heap easier to know that some one who bears the name will take down the shutters in the morning.

Boys are a good deal like the pups that fellows sell on street corners—they don't always turn out as represented. You buy a likely setter pup and raise a spotted coach dog from it, and the promising son of an honest butcher is just as like as not to turn out a poet or a professor. I want to say in passing that I have no real prejudice against poets, but I believe that, if you're going to be a Milton, there's nothing like being a mute, inglorious one, as some fellow who was a little sore on the poetry business once put it. Of course, a packer who understands something about the versatility of cottonseed oil need never turn down orders for lard because the run of hogs is light, and a father who understands human nature can turn out an imitation parson from a boy whom the Lord intended to go on the Board of Trade. But on general principles it's best to give your cottonseed oil a Latin name and to market it on its merits, and to let your boy follow his bent even if it leads him into the wheat pit. If a fellow has got poetry in him it's bound to come out sooner or later in the papers or the street cars; and the longer you keep it bottled up the harder it comes, and the longer it takes the patient to recover. There's no easier way to cure foolishness than to give a man leave to be foolish. And the only way to show a fellow that he's chosen the wrong business is to let him try it. If it really is the wrong thing you won't have to argue with him to quit, and if it isn't you haven't any right to.

Speaking of bull-pups that turned out to be terriers naturally calls to mind the case of my old friend Jeremiah Simpkins' son. There isn't a solider man in the Boston leather trade than Jeremiah, nor a bigger scamp that the law can't touch than his son Ezra. There isn't an ounce of real meanness in Ezra's whole body, but he's just naturally and unintentionally a maverick. When he came out of college his father thought that a few years' experience in the hide department of Graham & Co. would be a good thing for him before he tackled the leather business. So I wrote to send him on and I would give him a job, supposing, of course, that I was getting a yearling of the steady, old, reliable Simpkins strain.

I was a little uneasy when Ezra reported, because he didn't just look as if he had had a call to leather. He was a tall, spare New Englander, with one of those knobby foreheads which has been pushed out by the overcrowding of the brain, or bulged by the thickening of the skull, according as you like or dislike the man. His manners were easy or familiar by the same standard. He told me right at the start that, while he didn't know just what he wanted to do, he was dead sure

(Concluded on Page 15)

# The Way of the Young Nation

## By Samuel Merwin

**Joint Author with H. K. Webster of Calumet "K"**

"They've got to have their second breakfast at nine o'clock"

THERE was fog on the Channel. It lay in masses on the water, now spreading apart and opening a lane of blue to the horizon, now rolling in and blurring the figure of the lookout up forward. Down one of these lanes the party on the promenade deck saw a Channel Island steamer rolling with the swell; a moment later she was swallowed up, and the sound of her whistle grew steadily muffled and far away. Hardly slackening her speed, the Vaterland cut swiftly and steadily onward, sounding her deep fog whistle at minute intervals.

Snyder and Williams were on their way to Berlin to build an addition to a machinery plant for a German manufacturing company; the two Englishmen of the party were returning from an examination into American business methods. They had reached the stage in their acquaintance where a man talks frankly of himself and his business. Snyder had said more than usual, for a week of the Vaterland's trained servants and glittering dinners had thawed him. And the Britons had a blunt way of asking questions that gave him no alternative save unsociability.

"You'll be on this side for some time?" the elder was asking.

"Not long. We've got to get back by the first of January."

The younger Englishman was figuring in his head.

"Oh, but you couldn't do that, you know," he said. The whistle cut in, and he waited, leaning forward. "You couldn't, you know. That would give you only seven weeks."

"Six," replied Snyder. "I've promised Bill here we'd see Paris on the way back. It may break us, but it's the chance of our lives."

"You mean," persisted the other, "that you can put up the building in six weeks?"

"We did one like it in five last year. We've got our own engines and hoists, and they've guaranteed to have the material ready."

The young Englishman looked puzzled, and turned his eyes seaward. He did not yet understand how these driving, pushing Americans could accomplish so much more than his countrymen; but he had seen that they could, and it bewildered him.

"I wish you would come up to Elsingham and show our superintendents how you do things," he said.

Snyder laughed easily.

"All you people want over here is a little stirring up," he replied. "The Englishmen and Dutchmen hit the pace all right when they come over with us."

The older man had been gazing out into the fog with knit brows. Now he turned and said:

"You may find it harder than you think, sir."

"I never had an easy job," Snyder replied. "If you mean handling German workmen, I've done that for years."

"No," said the Englishman, rising and folding his rug; "I mean more than that. You'll find that the Germans have their ways, and even if they wanted to change them it wouldn't be easy."

"Well," said Snyder, "I'm not looking for a snap. But as long as it's to their interest to rush it along I guess they won't stand in the way."

The younger man had risen and was about to reply when Williams said: "Look there!" Off astern the fog had settled close to the water. Above it, dimly outlined against the gray sky, were the topsails of a full-rigged ship floating along like some ghostly Flying Dutchman. They watched until it had faded back into the fog. Then the older Englishman said:

"I rather fancy that's where you Americans differ from the rest of us. You seem to do what's to your interest, whether it's what you're accustomed to or not."

Williams sat alone in his room with his overcoat on, playing solitaire. It was dark outside, though there were still nearly two hours left of the afternoon, and the two candles that the *pension* keeper had supplied flickered and wavered so that it was hard to make out the cards. For eight days he had sat either in the room or in the beer garden on the corner, homesick for the sound of his own language, and for electric lights and steam heat, and the comforts of what he called civilization. The only relief had been the three busy days when he and Snyder had worked over the plans. Now he heard Snyder's step on the last of the four flights that led to the room and he got up and stood by the stove, mechanically rubbing his hands over the cold porcelain.

Snyder came moodily in, tossed the roll of blue-prints on the bed and began to unbutton his overcoat. There was no need for questions.

Snyder sat down and shook his head.

"No go, Bill," he said.

"What's the trouble now?"

"We've got to raise the ceilings. There isn't air enough for the men."

"It figured out all right."

"It ain't a question of how many men the company's going to employ; it's a question of how many could be got in. If we say that ninety men are going in on a floor where you could pack in a hundred and twenty, in the eyes of the Government we're liars."

"Well," said Williams, "what's to be done?"

"The ceilings go up, that's all."

On their first day in Berlin they had found that building an addition to a factory was a serious matter. The police had gone over their plans with exasperating deliberation, and then had shaken their heads and held long consultations. The plans were all wrong, they said. In the first place, not to speak of minor details, the building must not cover more than two-thirds of the ground—here Snyder and Williams looked at each other; they were not authorized to shorten the building or to buy more land—and in the second place the factor of safety was too small: the material for the steel construction must be heavier. In vain Snyder protested that the building would not be put to one-half the strain it would be built to bear; the police officers did not seem to understand—it would be possible to put more strain on it, therefore it must be stronger. "You see what the building's for," said Snyder. "If we were putting up a storehouse for pig-iron we'd say so." The officers were courteous, but immovable.

Snyder had begun to learn that the German Government does not take things for granted. He had sent the home office a thirty-five-dollar cablegram; there had been quick consultations in New York, questions had come singing over the wires, and Snyder had cabled, at his own expense and in the company's code, what he thought of the Government. Then had come permission to make any necessary changes. "Don't stop to fight. Rush it through," said the home office. And still the days were slipping by.

"The thing that makes me mad," said Snyder gloomily, as he spread out the blue-prints and drawings on the bed, "is that there ain't anybody to fight. It's all laws—laws—laws! And there don't seem to be any way round. There ain't one of those fellows that has the brains to think of making a soft thing for himself." When he had said it he paused for a moment and scratched his chin thoughtfully.

For the second time they set to work on the plans. Raising the ceilings meant putting in still more material, and this meant a considerable loss to the company, for they had got the contract by close bidding. After two hours of altering and redrawing, Snyder stood up.

"Bill," he said, "I don't care about this"—he waved his hand toward the pile of drawings—"it's a loss, anyhow, now. And a shed like this isn't worth the trouble. But our time *is* worth something."

Williams nodded.

"We'll go ahead and finish this job to-night, but in the morning I'm going around and see if that fellow with the epaulets don't want a new grand piano. We can make it worth his while to put things through. The company'll stand for it."

At ten o'clock Snyder went. He returned in half an hour.

"Well," said Williams, "did you find him?"

Snyder grunted, but did not reply.

"No go, eh?"

The boss sat on the edge of the bed and slowly shook his head.

"Bill," he said, "we ain't in New York. We'd better go up to the Zoölogical Garden and feed the elephants. Get your hat."

When they were on the street Williams asked:

"What did you say to him?"

"I told him as plain as I knew how. I said: 'You put these plans through and no questions asked, and I'll make it right with you. Understand?'"

"Did he get you?"

"He said: 'I cannot tell you yet. I will examine ze plans. If zose rooms will haf fifteen hundert metre, it vill be right wiz me.'"

An engineer named Perkins, who was employed in the German capital, had put himself at the service of Snyder on several occasions. One evening in December he called.

"How's it going?" he asked, as he took the chair and looked from one to the other of the two men. He knew something of Snyder's method of work through their acquaintance of the past few weeks; and as one who had been through the mill, he did not like to let the new American go plunging forward without giving him a friendly word of caution.

"Find things go pretty slow over here, don't you?" he observed.

Snyder only shrugged his shoulders, but Williams spoke out:

"Our turn's coming next week. You'll see things dance when Jim once turns loose."

"I don't know about that," said Snyder quickly, with a side glance at his assistant; "but the building's got to go up. We're losing money every day now."

"I know how it is," replied Perkins. "It used to rub me pretty hard at first. It was a year or two before I got used to it. I ran up against it in my first week. I was putting in some machinery, and the police came around and told me I must cover all the bearings. I had to send home, and lost most two months."

"How's that?" said Snyder. "Do all bearings have to be covered?"

Perkins nodded. "It's part of the Government scheme—everything to protect the individual. You don't see any missing fingers in the factories here."

"Well," said Snyder with another shrug, "I'm glad we've found that out in time."

"You probably found you hadn't figured on a large enough factor of safety," said Perkins.

Snyder nodded.

"That's another part of the system. German buildings don't fall down. Do you remember the big steel coal-bin that collapsed down in New Jersey a while back and killed a few men? Well, they figured the factor of safety all right for the load it was meant to carry, but when a strike was coming on they loaded on a few hundred tons more, and she wouldn't stand it. Now, that could never have happened here. And you'll find your laborers won't work like they do at home."

Snyder checked a smile.

"A man'll generally work just about as hard as he's driven," he replied.

"No," replied Perkins, shaking his head, "you can't drive them here. I thought so too when I came over, but it wouldn't go. You'll find they're just as hard to push as the Government. They've got to have their second breakfast at nine o'clock with a glass of beer, and you've got to shut down the works for it. Then there's an hour and a half at noon, because they want to go home for dinner and have their nap afterward. Dinner's a big thing to the German, you know. And at four o'clock you shut down for coffee—that generally means beer again—and they'll want to stop a dozen times a day besides to eat a sandwich. And all the while you've got to be careful not to shout at them like you would at home. It hurts their feelings."

This time Snyder let the smile come.

"I know," said Perkins; "it sounds like rot. But it's just that sort of rot that tells why American prospects are going up and European prospects aren't. It's because they don't think in our language, and you can't make them." He paused, and then his eyes brightened. "You know how Berlin's laid out," he said. "There's the city proper, and Charlottenburg, and Schöneburg, and the other suburbs that are really a part of the city, but they still have their own fire departments. A friend of mine lived in Schöneburg, across the street from the Berlin city line. One night his house caught fire, and he ran out in his pajamas and turned in the

alarm at the nearest fire-box. After a while the fire-engine came up—you know how they go, bells ringing and torches blazing and the horses rolling along at a nice, easy jog—and a fireman said: 'Where's the fire?' 'Over there,' said Smith, pointing to his house. 'Oh,' said the fireman, 'we can't do anything there. That's in Schöneburg.' So they went back, and Smith ran down the street for the Schöneburg box, and was arrested for being out without his clothes."

"How about the fire?" asked Williams.

"His wife and the servants put it out. Now, what can you do with people like that? You can't put American brains into them, you know. They'll do what their laws tell them to do, and what their fathers and grandfathers have done, but they won't think in American. And after all's said it has a good side," he added as he rose to go. "The workmen save their fingers, and there aren't any strikes, and the buildings don't fall down, and everybody but us has a good time. But if a man wants to get along anyhow, he's got to get over the notion that his time's worth something. Good-night."

"Good-night," Snyder replied; and when the door had closed he turned on Williams.

"Well, Bill, what do you think of that?"

"Give it up," Williams replied. "Maybe it's a good thing for us we ain't going to be here long."

"I'll tell you one thing," growled the boss; "that building's going up in good, plain American style, or my name ain't Jim Snyder. We may have to rub up against their Union once or twice, but we'll carry it. There won't be any second breakfasts or any five-o'clock teas. We'll give them an hour for lunch, and if any man wants a nap he can go home and take it, but he needn't expect to come back. Let 'em eat their sandwiches as long as they don't stop work, Bill; but we aren't going to have any loafing."

On the second morning none of the laborers appeared for their checks. There had been no open complaint during the rush of the first day, save that a few of the older men had quietly stopped work. Snyder and Williams had congratulated themselves as they walked to their *pension*, stirred with the sense of pushing ahead and accomplishing something. But this morning, when he came on the ground, Snyder could not restrain an exclamation of surprise. There was none of the familiar signs of a strike—no sullen loitering groups, no half-audible epithets, no important committees, no walking delegates. The laborers had stopped work; that was all.

They were late in starting, and short-handed at that. All through the day new men came on, and others, who had started in the morning, dropped off. There seemed to be no understanding between the men. They came, worked a while, laid down their tools, and disappeared. There was no hint of a boycott. And Snyder, grim and silent, and Williams, a little worried but also silent, were the only two men that worked hard straight through the day. Even an offer of increased wages had no effect. So it went on for a week, and, as Williams said, "Ten good men could have done as much in two days."

They were sitting in their room on Sunday morning. Williams was polishing his shoes. Snyder was tipped back in his chair with his feet on the bed, trying to figure out how much more might have been accomplished if he had been willing to follow the custom of the country.

"Bill," he finally broke out, "it beats me. It's the first time in my life I couldn't see a way out. If the fools had enough sense to organize, I'd give them all they wanted. If I could see just one nose to hit, I'd hit it."

*Snyder sat down and shook his head. "No go, Bill," he said*

He sat for a while in moody silence, and Williams watched him. Finally, with a peculiar expression, he got up and began to put on his coat.

"Where are you going?" asked Williams.

"Up to see Perkins," the boss replied gruffly, and went out.

Perkins did not make the mistake of showing his sympathy. Snyder had come for plain talk, and he got it.

"The trouble is, you aren't willing to adapt yourself," said Perkins. "You see, you're four thousand miles from home; and there's a difference for every one of those miles. The German hasn't any idea of working hard. He doesn't want to be president of the company some day—he doesn't even want any more pay. All he wants is what he's got already. He's got a place to sleep, and a wife to help earn the income, and his five or six meals a day, and his beer garden and band concert in the evening. He's insured in a sort of sick-benefit concern, and he'd think he wasn't getting his money's worth if he didn't lay off for a few weeks now and then. Then he's building up a pension fund all the while, and that's taken care of partly by the company he works for and partly by the Government, and he hasn't got anything to gain by striking, or in any way standing out against the company or the Government that's going to take care of him when he's old. If he don't like the way you treat him he just goes to work somewhere else where they'll treat him better. He don't bother his head about organizing because he don't have to."

There was a silence, and Snyder drummed on the table, while Perkins hesitated, half fearing that he had said too much; then he added:

"You've made the same mistake the rest of us have, one time or another: you've tried to go up against the German Empire."

"Well," said Snyder, rising and swallowing what pride was left, "I'm much obliged."

It was the middle of March, and the two Americans were on the Bremen train, homeward bound. They were very quiet. As the weeks had dragged on through January and February their conversations had dwindled. Snyder had even stopped growling, and had settled into a dogged submission to circumstances. Every step of the work had been watched by the police, who were responsible until the building should be completed and delivered to the company that was to use it. After a few experiences, Snyder learned that he must not make any departures from the plans as he himself had laid them down. Everything must be done in the proper order, and as the police had been given to understand it would be done. Even certain improvements in method that suggested themselves to him from time to time were eyed with suspicion.

The longest setback came with the cold weather in January. One frosty morning, when the boss came on the ground, exhilarated by the crisp air and the long walk, he found the police before him. Now, he knew well enough that rivets put into place in cold weather are sometimes less secure than those put in when it is warmer, but the idea of stopping work on this account had never occurred to him. Now, however, he found that the minimum temperature at which work was permitted had been fixed by law; and for fifteen days he and Williams stood by looking at the half-built walls, or sat in their room playing California Jack.

But the last straw was loaded on the boss' power of endurance when the building was finally completed. Instead of being promptly turned over to the company, it must stand empty until it should be dry—and not only that, but, as Perkins said; "Until it's officially dry. It may be a month or so."

This was too much for Snyder. He made one last protest, but it was vain to urge on the stolid officials that there was very little plaster in the building. There was the law, and German laws, good, bad and indifferent, must be obeyed. So the two went back to the *pension* and packed their valises. "We've done our waiting, Bill," said Snyder; "we'll let the Dutchmen do the rest of it."

And now Snyder, who had been reading a two-days-old London paper, rested it on his knees and looked out of the window at the closely grown pine forest that was slipping rapidly by.

"Bill," he said, "look at that. Every one of those trees is numbered, I suppose. Anyhow, they're all kept trimmed, and there are officers hanging around with records of all of them in a book, and there's a legal date for cutting down every one."

Bill grinned. "Funny, ain't it?"

"It may be all right," said Snyder. "It's not for me to say that it ain't. But I'm willing to go back home and stay there."

Williams was thinking of the steamer, and of coming up through the Narrows into New York Harbor, past Governor's Island, with the bridge on the right and the Statue of Liberty on the left, and the swarming city between, its jagged sky-line clear against the blue. He knew that trains were rushing in and out, scows were carrying laden freight-cars over to Jersey, floating elevators were transferring the grain that was pouring in from the West, telegraph lines were humming, north, south, west—and all through the great city men were fighting and struggling, not for a pension and a beer garden, but for place, influence, advancement, each of them for something better than he had. Then he remembered the half-circle of green in Battery Park as it had been, wet and glistening from a shower, the day they had sailed away. His thoughts found an outlet. "I wish we were getting off the steamer now," he said. And then he added with a laugh: "But I suppose we'll get run over the first time we try to cross Broadway, there on the corner by the office."

## The Snailgram

### By Vance Thompson

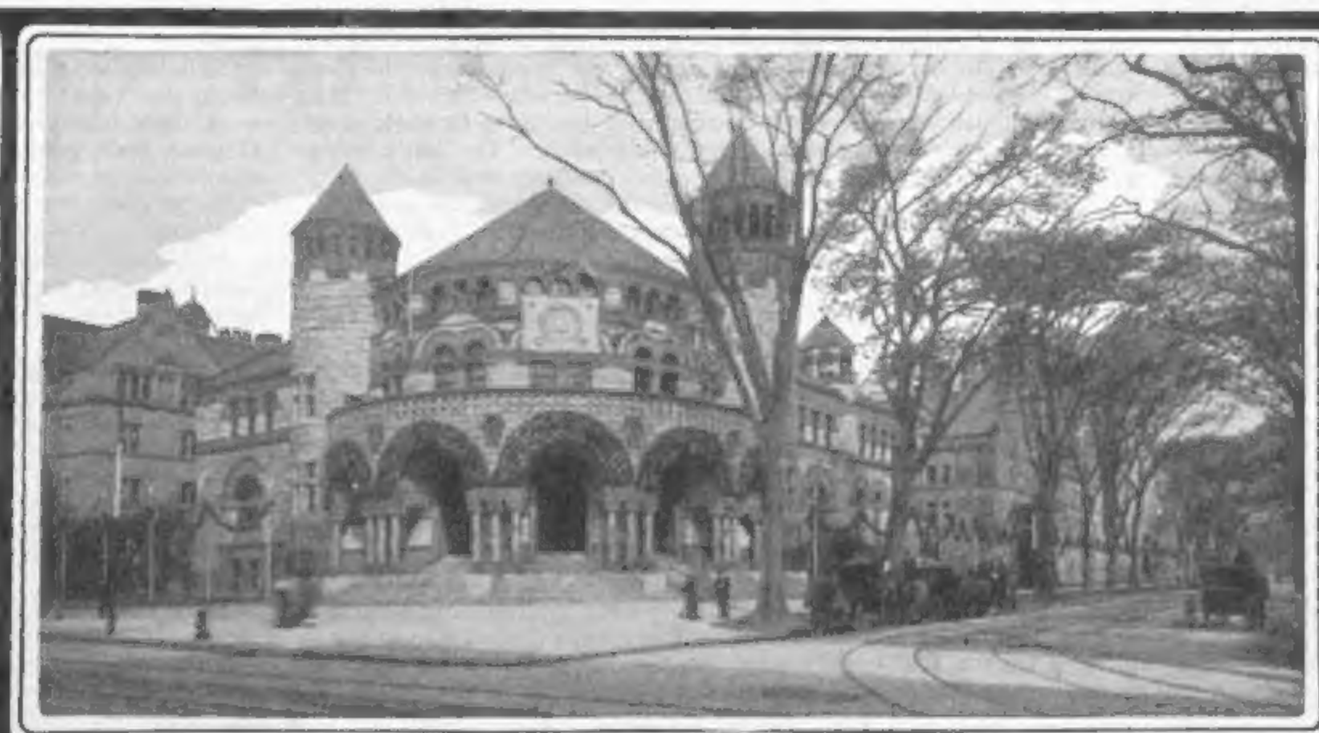
MR. J. R. HENDERSON, who paints the Orient, has a house in Paris which is surrounded by a garden. In the spring days he spends a good deal of his time picking snails off his dwarf pear-trees and his rose-bushes. Now the snail is unquestionably an interesting beast,

"—which everywhere doth roam,
Carrying his own house still, still is at home,"

and he is, moreover, companionable were it not for the unmannerly way he trails slime over the garden chairs. For my part, however, I had never looked at him as endowed with exceptional intelligence. Mr. Henderson has proved to me that for years I have been ignorant of snail-lore. In the first place, then, there are sympathetic snails—that is, out of a dozen captured in your garden you will find at least one couple that are "affinities." They will crawl to each other across the table and rub their horns with visible and touching affection. From this discovery it was only a step to Mr. Henderson's greater discovery of wireless telegraphy. The true inventor needs only a hint—the fall of an apple, the humming of a teakettle on a hob. The painter, then, was tapping carelessly on the shell of one of the sympathetic snails when its fellow on an iron garden table ten feet away began to echo the knocks. This was the beginning. Mr. Henderson changed his casual tapping to the Morse alphabet. He rapped out: "Hello, 14, answer:" and over on the iron table the synchronous snail sounded the same words.

The other day Tout Paris and a swarm of Americans went to Neuilly to witness an exhibition, and now you can't make one of us disbelieve in this new telegraphy. We tried it with six pairs of sympathetic snails and in five cases were entirely successful. The distance covered was about sixty feet, for we had one snail in the drawing-room and the other at the extreme end of the garden. It must be seen to be believed, for I assure you it was positively gruesome to hear one little snail in the parlor rap out "I love you," while, synchronously, its mate in the garden tinkled out an "I love you" on a photograph drying-tin. You may try it yourself; moreover, you will be in good company, for sympathetic snails are the latest fad. We don't waste money on telegrams any more. You take out your sympathetic snail and signal. "Sha'n't be home to dinner," and your wife hears her pet snail rap out the message and says, "I'm glad he sent word early, the dear, thoughtful boy;" or if she doesn't think that way she sends you a snailgram and you come home.

# Good Old Yale's Birthday Party



Osborne Hall

By
Jesse Lynch Williams

*Author of Princeton Stories*

*The first Yale College building*

YALE'S recent birthday party lasted four days, and was attended by delegates and dignitaries from all over the world, even from the Universities of Padua and Upsala, and of Chile and Tokyo. It was the largest academic festival we have ever had in this country. But it was not the formal addresses by prominent Yale men, or the glowing tributes from visiting dignitaries, or the stilted Latin letters of congratulation on illuminated parchment sent by the sister institutions of learning, that brought ten thousand invited and uninvited guests to New Haven and made its broad streets overflow with humanity like a country village on circus day. To be sure, it must have been gratifying to Yale men to hear what fine fellows they are and how great their college is, stated on such excellent authority; but they knew that already. They were there chiefly to see each other and to have a good time with those parts of the celebration referred to by President Hadley in his announcement last June as being of "a distinctly popular character." It was a family reunion, and they did not come to learn how respectable the family name was, but to see and be with the other members of the family in happy abandonment of mirth and good human fellowship.

I

IT WAS one of the happiest-looking crowds I have ever seen. Perhaps the present national prosperity had something to do with it, but certainly the faces had less of the tense, neurasthenic expression one rather expects on the faces of large assemblages of our countrymen, even when trying to have fun. Perhaps these Yale men unanimously decided that, for once, in honor of their Alma Mater and for the sake of mutual enjoyment, they would leave behind all the worries and responsibilities which men so often bring with them when least wanted.

Classmates met on this occasion who had not seen each other since the day of graduation and farewell. It was interesting to watch the meeting. Some of them were immediately vociferous in their greetings, forgetting the years that had intervened and the dignity they had acquired. Others were a little abashed at first, calling each other by the last name and not knowing just what their mutual attitude was, until presently some little old familiar facial expression or mental idiosyncrasy would show itself and adjust all that in an instant, and two more men would be boys again, calling each other by their nicknames and talking about the old days of the fence (at least, that's what old Yale graduates are supposed to talk of), and of South Middle, and the immortal Times When They Were in College, breaking off occasionally to take note of the crimson gown of a savant from Europe, or, what to many old graduates was a more remarkable sight, a woman delegate wearing the academic gown, hood and mortar-board.

Nearly every class from that of 1850 down to the coltish young graduates of 1901, who still have something to learn about the wide, wide world of which they talk so knowingly to their friends in 1902, seemed to be holding a reunion in New Haven. It was like a Commencement week raised to the *nth* degree. Wherever one went, even on the remote little old streets which the freshmen have not yet straightened out in their minds, could be seen posters announcing that the class of Ninety—— had headquarters at such and such a place, or that the class of Sixty-so-and-so would hold its dinner that evening at seven o'clock. Out of the windows, at the addresses named on the posters, hung banners of blue with the class numerals thereon. From within came the clink of glasses and the goodly sound of masculine merriment. Along the streets were sidewalk venders and fakirs selling souvenir badges, ever so many different kinds of badges, including miniature Rough Rider hats (in honor of him who was coming up for a degree in a day or two), but all alike in the predominance of blue. Overhead swung banners (erected by the town of New Haven in a tremendous fit of unprecedented generosity) announcing that "The oldest graduate and the freshest freshmen are alike welcome" (beds cost four dollars), and that "New Haven gave Yale President Hadley," and so on, while up and down the sidewalks pressed the thickly crowded populace, half of them just as determined that the thing to see was up this way as the other half were that it was down that way.

II

THOUGH every one tells us we need more relaxation in this country we have never gone in very strongly for gala days. Perhaps it is due to the early influence of that very part of the country which gave us Yale College. Accordingly, it is all the more gratifying to remark the success of these unwonted festivities in Connecticut, many features of which would doubtless have been frowned upon by the austere old Colonial clergymen, who just two hundred years before marched soberly to the study of the Rev. Mr. Russell, of Branford, conscientiously carrying the books with which Yale College was to begin her illustrious career. There was nothing very austere or forbidding in the march in costume which celebrated this event on Monday evening, October 21, 1901.

The town and University had been preparing for it since early last summer. Not only the campus and college buildings but most of the streets of the city were decorated, though not overdecorated, with blue bunting and electricity. The supply of bunting and brass bands, they say, was entirely exhausted in New England. The historic New Haven Green was turned into an extensive electrical display with an illuminated tower of welcome, suggesting the electrical building at Buffalo, much to the astonishment, no doubt, of the goodly old Colonial churches on the green which had not witnessed quite such stirring times for over a century.

For a week or so the students had postponed work owing to the influence of suppressed excitement. For two days the alumni had been arriving from all parts of the world, by rail, steamers, automobiles and yachts. Sunday had passed with exercises appropriate to the day, opened with a sermon by the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, the famous Hartford preacher to whom Mark Twain once complained for being kept awake in church. Monday morning and afternoon were chiefly given over to receiving and welcoming, formally and informally, the fast-arriving guests. And by nightfall most of them had arrived. The parade began at eight o'clock.

This was the first time they had all had a chance to see each other collectively. The line stretched out for about two miles marching six abreast. First, however, there was a large detachment of local military companies, and they ought to be mentioned because their presence showed, somewhat to the perplexity of some of the older old graduates, how completely the mutual attitude of Town and Gown has changed in these modern days of peace and prosperity. Then followed the Yale undergraduates, the delegations of undergraduates from other Universities, and the Yale alumni.

This was not a mere torchlight parade, though the undergraduates enjoyed it as much as though it were. It was symbolic. The seniors, who came first, headed by the captain of the football team, were dressed as Indians. With this costume they typified the predominant population of Connecticut at the time of founding the college, two hundred years ago. It also gave those who wore the costume a splendid opportunity to get a lot of fun out of the parade. To their credit be it said, they did not consider themselves too dignified to avail themselves of the opportunity. Albeit they kept in excellent line, notwithstanding a few special war dances executed out of respect to Mr. Root, the Secretary of War, and Chief Justice Fuller, who sat in the reviewing stand and fully appreciated this attention.

After the Indians came the Pilgrim Fathers, naturally. Their make-up was excellent in every detail even to the big buckle at the belt, but these irreverent undergraduates forgot to look as though scenting a bad odor, which is the way the real Pilgrim Fathers always looked, as we know from their portraits; these young men seemed impudently to be enjoying life, which was quite sacrilegious in them.

The next period of Yale history was represented by a troop of Continental soldiers—Washington's Yale Body-Guard, as their banner proclaimed them. They wore large George Washington hats, white knickerbockers and blue coats, white stockings with low shoes and huge copper buckles.

The period of 1812 was shown by Beau Brummel costumes: ruffled shirts, purple swallow-tail coats, bright yellow waistcoats with large brass buttons, and the huge gray beavers of the period, like coaching hats, only more extremely so.

After this the intermediate periods were skipped over, perhaps because it would have been difficult to handle the Civil War costumes without giving a partisan effect, and the civilian costumes of that day were hideous. So, instead, came modern-looking sailors in white duck suits and the flat-topped sailor caps marked "Cruiser Yale." These were followed by the freshmen as Rough Riders. There seemed to be most too many of them, but President Roosevelt was on his way to New Haven, so no doubt it was all right.

The Medical School followed next because it is the oldest professional department, as its transparency declared. Green caps and gowns were the costumes worn. The Divinity men wore red, which must have alarmed some of the older graduates of that department. The Law School men wore purple gowns, and carried green lanterns, presumably for green bags.

The new School of Forestry, of which some old Yale men may never have heard, made itself known by a beautiful Robin Hood costume of Lincoln green with doublets and tights, each forester carrying a bow and a quiver of arrows swung over his back. The Art School followed bearing aloft a Winged Victory.

The Japanese students of the University paraded as a separate detachment, a surprisingly large one, by the way, and, dressed in pink caps and gowns, carried a large float which showed that Japan was for Yale and Yale for Japan.

The class which was graduated last June came along here, and they called themselves Taft's Philippine Escort, in honor of Judge Taft, who is a Yale graduate. Their make-up was brown gowns trimmed with red, and large brown hats. They had a great deal of fun out of the parade.

Then, after the delegations of students from other colleges, Harvard with dignified sashes, Princeton with excellent papier-maché tiger heads, came the great army of alumni, cheering, singing, dancing, and thanking God that they were Yale men. This was really the most imposing and significant feature of the show. It is not necessary to describe it all in detail; one part was about the same as another, except that the boys in the section marked "'31–'50" looked more mature than the men of the class of '00 who did zigzag dances along Chapel Street. Their costume which was blue, and their spirit which was not, were pretty much the same all the way along the line. It was said that there were 3500 of them, the largest collection of the graduates of one college that ever marched in one column in this country. There was at least one member of every class there from '53 to '01.

It was very impressive to watch the gradation in years as the long line filed past. It provoked all kinds of thoughts. If the thoughts became too serious, however, they were soon arrested by the wording of the transparencies carried by the various classes to show how great they were. The class of '79 called itself "The Flower of the Vine."

'76: "Yale made '76; '76 made Hadley (and others)."

'96 called attention to its athletic record, while '94 was complacently content merely to say: "The three greatest dates in Yale history: 1701—1894—1901."

The gentlemen who had been graduated half a century ago did not carry banners, but their white beards waving as they walked were good enough emblems of worth to make the crowds in the stands along the line of march rise to their feet and cheer these stalwart sons of Eli into the next block.

III

THAT Monday night parade was the great feature of the celebration from the spectator's point of view, and perhaps from the graduate's point of view as well. It determined the festal note, the gala day atmosphere, which was the most characteristic and interesting thing about the whole four days of it, though, to be sure, the long addresses in Battell Chapel, written out and printed for the benefit of the reporters, were what you saw most of in the newspapers.

Some of these addresses were doubtless very important. They told about Yale in its Relation to Christian Theology

and Missions, Yale in its Relation to Medicine, Yale in its Relation to the Development of the Country, and Yale in its Relation to Science and Letters. These were delivered by prominent educators, and they gave Yale her full share of the credit for making the world such a good and agreeable place. The speakers were Yale men. But Battell Chapel is very small compared with a bicentennial crowd, and hence many a good alumnus could enjoy no more of these events than a fleeting glimpse of the colored hoods and gowns of the Academic Procession with which all the formal ceremonies began.

These academic processions are different from torchlight processions. For one thing, human nature is not quite so admirable when seen in one of these processions. A man looks very introspective and unlovable when marching slow-time up a flight of steps before a roomful of spectators, and wondering whether the fat delegate from the University of Squeedunk is going to step upon the back of his gown and pull it off. At the Princeton Sesquicentennial celebration a few years ago the complete formal system with all its pomp and ceremony was first introduced in this country, I believe, and we have not yet assimilated it. It is quite right, no doubt, and we are bound to come to it, but such things come a little hard to our humorous American temperament. It is quite natural to think of a tea-drinking Oxford Don taking all the niceties of precedence and gown-wearing and hood-throwing very sincerely—but suppose, for instance, Abraham Lincoln had lived to receive a degree at Yale the other day! I must confess that at least one of the audience liked President Cyrus Northrop, of the University of Minnesota, all the more when in delivering his stirring address on Yale educators he became exasperated at the tassel of his mortar-board dangling over his left eye and finally snatched the cap off, saying, "I'm not used to speaking with my hat on." From the tone of the crowd's hearty laughter they seemed to sympathize with him.

IV

THERE was plenty of room at Yale Field on the afternoon of the twenty-second for every one to see the bicentennial football games, and there were those among the delegates from abroad who had never seen a game before. Perhaps they were quite as much edified and entertained as by the formal ceremonies of the morning. Who knows? Certainly the game in which the all-graduate team played against the college eleven showed the most remarkable company of famous football heroes that ever stood on one field together. There were—but the newspapers told all about that at the time.

The gala spirit was at its best on the evening of that same day when the graduates and undergraduates, and the delegates and dignitaries, gathered in the quadrangle and witnessed a dramatic depiction of scenes from the 200 years of Yale's life. It was out-of-doors, and the drama was not a play with a plot, but merely, as in the primitive fête days, a series of picture plays recalling scenes in the past history of the people who played and who watched. One of the undergraduates acted as a chorus to describe the scenes in blank verse. Between the acts the audience sang Yale songs and smoked pipes. Women were not invited to this part of the festivities.

The performance took place in the improvised amphitheatre with a profusion of softened electric lights running up along strings toward an elevated centre, giving one the feeling of being in a huge tent.

The first scene represented the founding of Yale College at the Rev. Mr. Russell's library, already referred to, the scene closing with the ten ministers on their knees praying for the success of the college. The dramatic effect was intensified by the great crowd of imposing buildings all about the amphitheatre.

The student actors, who went into all the scenes as though enjoying them and not as though wanting to act like actors, were very realistic in the next scene, which represented the historic fight in consequence of the removal of the college to New Haven. Nathan Hale's death scene was one of the Revolutionary events depicted, and Washington at Yale was another.

(*Concluded on Page 19*)

# Calvé in Holiday Time

## By William Armstrong

*Mme. Emma Calvé and her favorite collie*

*Mme. Emma Calvé as Carmen*

THE most of us have dreams of what we should like to come to us, but not every one sees the realization of them.

When she was a child Madame Calvé wandered about in the rugged country of Aveyron and selected the château that she wished some day to be hers. It was of stone, battlemented, built in the year 1150, and overlooked the romantic gorge of Tarbes. The château needed a deal of repairing, but it had its chapel and its ghost, and Madame Calvé's imagination was vivid enough to picture the rest and make it a grand place to her liking.

In this remote corner of the world she wandered about with the sheep, sat under the oaks on the château lawn, and confided to her brothers and sisters the palace she would make for them some day.

Now that she has attained to more than a realization of her dreams she said one day regretfully: "If it had only come sooner, then one-third of what I have now would have been royalty. The pity of it is that success comes too late. There is so much now that I cannot have." But the world in general agrees that she has, as it is, quite a good deal.

Success with Madame Calvé, as with most artists, came slowly and not overnight. After her début in Brussels, in 1882, she sang in Paris and was not well received. The critics said that she could not act. Then trouble came into her life and she went back to the mountains of Aveyron, to the gorge of Tarbes, and to the lawn of the Château of Cabrières that she had so bravely planned should be hers. Of those days and the mental struggle that followed her failure as a débutante at the Theatre Comique, in Paris, Madame Calvé said: "We are blind like kittens in youth; our eyes are opened by living."

The lack of immediate success was the foundation of an ultimate one. In those days that she sat and brooded under the trees, seeing her visions evaporate, she developed into a woman, gaining through experience and suffering that which had been lacking in her before. Her next venture was in Italy, where she sang Santuzza in Cavalleria Rusticana, and Ophelia in Thomas' opera of Hamlet. From that time her success began, the success that was to bring her the Château of Cabrières.

Down at the château, at which she spends her holiday time now, her life is very simple. As she expresses it, "I promenade with the sheep." The peasants of the neighborhood have small idea of her importance, as peasants, and other people as well, are apt to have of those whom they have known as children, and who have made a name for themselves in a world a good way distant from their own. There is a grotto near Aveyron where these same peasants sing, if they can, for money.

"Do you know," one of them said to Madame Calvé, after she had heard her sing—"Do you know, if you sang there and many tourists came along, you might make as high as thirty francs (six dollars) a day?"

Later she came back, saying apologetically, and not without awe: "I hear that every time you yawn in America you get enough to buy five oxen. Can such riches be possible?" One day, after great trouble in the preparation, Madame Calvé managed to give a demonstration of her art on the lawn of the château. She invited some of her colleagues to assist. They came with their costumes, the orchestra was assembled and drilled, and on a fine afternoon a performance of Cavalleria was given on the lawn. The peasants from far and near were invited, and came. Madame Calvé in speaking of it said: "I acted with all the intensity I could; I never gave myself so much trouble. But the more tragic I became the more amused they seemed. Finally they exploded with laughter. 'We knew that it was not you on the lawn and that your lover had not forsaken you,' they said in explanation afterward.

"They are the ones who see only the reality in life. We cry over imaginary woes; they are the true philosophers," was Madame Calvé's closing comment: a comment rather proving, it would seem, her own right to the title of philosopher as well. Those who have seen Madame Calvé in opera know that she is one who is likely to cause the unexpected to happen. In real life with her it is much the same. At the château she wanders about, and no sooner sees any one engaged in doing something than she is seized with an immediate desire to do the same thing. It may be to churn butter or it may be to "promenade with the sheep," but her promptness and energy in the undertaking are identical.

At Cabrières in holiday time another amusement with her is dressing dolls. "I get them," is the way she put it with uncomplimentary frankness—"I get them with faces like mine, and dress them in the costumes of my rôles. I want every one of my rôles represented and to keep as souvenirs. I make them artistic, as they did things of this kind in the eighteenth century, and I try to get them into positions characteristic of my acting."

But the real truth of the matter is that the collection is going to take a considerable time to complete, for no sooner is the number on the increase than Madame Calvé presents three or four specimens to a charity bazaar.

The château has been restored as she pictured in her girlhood, and though, perhaps, it is not furnished with the gilded splendor that early youth generally selects for its palaces, it is at any rate more appropriate.

The place has an air of romance about it, in keeping with its mediæval architecture, which recalls the days when troubadours sang their way through the country about Aveyron. The chapel is restored and the ghost walks undisturbed. Of course the ghost of Madame Calvé's château would be expected to appear in an entirely different manner from the run of ghosts in general, and in this respect it is not disappointing.

From time immemorial the ghosts of ladies who have done things in life that they should have left undone have traversed corridors in expiation of their crimes. But the gentlemen who have been equally bad, indeed worse, rest in their vaults with singular peace and unanimity. At Madame Calvé's château, however, this is not the case. After breaking the heart of a beautiful shepherdess, a knight of Cabrières (for the ghost is that of a man) died of remorse. Now, on moonlight nights, he paces the floor of the room at the château in which he died, wringing his hands. No one has seen him during the residence of the present owner, but the reason for this may be that no one, thus far, has had the courage to stay overnight in the haunted chamber.

Madame Calvé is a very hospitable hostess. There are always guests in holiday time at the château, and her mother and sisters make their home there.

The château itself is perched like an eagle's nest, overlooking the beautiful gorge of Tarbes. The architecture is Roman, and the massive stone walls, that have outlived generations, are picturesquely battlemented.

During her stay in the mountains this year (a longer one than usual because she accepted no regular engagement last season) Madame Calvé dressed like a peasant and kept hours as primitive as her costume.

One absorbing luxury she allows herself—down in the wild section in which she dreamed her own girlhood dreams she has tried to make other girls happy—sixty of them, to be exact. She has established a sanatorium in charge of Sisters of Charity. Sixty little orphans are entertained there at a time. When they are strong they return to the orphanage that is their home, and others take their place.

Part of every day Madame Calvé spends with them, for they are to her a great source of interest. There was one little one, particularly ugly, who was rather a jest with her companions because of her almost grotesque appearance. The singer at once took her under her wing, exclaiming, "What beautiful eyes that child has!"

From that day on her position was more comfortable, and from that day on, to use the singer's words, "That child was all eyes."

In Paris Madame Calvé has an artistic apartment in the Avenue du Bois, furnished with old Chester furniture that she bought in England. In one room she has a collection of old musical instruments of every country. During her London engagement at the Covent Garden Opera she generally goes out to Richmond the day after an appearance, and returns to town the day before she sings again.

In New York, two seasons ago, she furnished an apartment in the American style, enjoying the quiet of home life. But it is at Cabrières that she confesses to leading the ideal life; the life that she led as a child. "I breathe better there," is the way she puts it.

There, between "promenading with the sheep" and visiting the orphans at her sanatorium, the Madame Calvé that the world knows as Carmen, Messaline, Marguerite, Ophelia and Santuzza spends the days that she counts as her happiest ones.

# The Remittance Man—By W. A. Fraser

"Have you come here to insult my sister through me—and over your profligate son?"

PART II

EVEN as the advent of Red Mike had come as a slight surprise to the Parson, so also the laborers on the race course received a shock, for Gray Bird beat Whirlwind most decisively.

He must be a wonder, they all knew. Now, most assuredly, they would beat the horse from Regina, and the mare from Edmonton, and the two cracks that were coming up from Winnipeg. Even Whirlwind could do it, they thought, but here was a much greater. What in the world would the Council do with all the money they would loot from the foreign Philistines? —that is, if a Damoclesian sword which hung over their necks did not fall. The sword was Dean Ruthven, and the falling of the sword would be his discovery of his son's racing game and the stopping of it.

"He'd stop everything!" declared the Padre. "Didn't I tell you that he forced me in England to give up one of the greatest certainties any man ever had, when I could have won twenty thousand quid over it?"

George was much dissatisfied with the trial, in a way; but he had ridden the mare himself, and she seemed trying all right enough. But the fact of the matter was that, owing to his father's presence, Whirlwind had been thrown out of work considerably; George hadn't been able to ride her regularly. Also his father's mishap, and the many other things, had slightly unstrung his usual good nerve, so he had ridden the mare with an impatient eagerness born of the last few days of nervous strain.

At any rate he determined to ride Gray Bird in the race, and trust Whirlwind to somebody else.

So far as the money was concerned it would not matter which won, for they would both start as his entry.

But he would give the mare every chance. She was a nervous, high-strung beast, as sensitive as an antelope, and the Padre devised a clever scheme. He would send her out to his ranch, and keep her there until race day; then she might be led in quietly, and start in a sweet temper. In his town stables, near the course, surrounded by other horses, and tortured by the bustle of a race preparation, Whirlwind would fret, and go to the post in an erratic humor. She could have her working gallops out at the ranch in the meantime.

Later this idea worked itself out with variations.

Upon Dean Ruthven's return to the Cargelly Hotel, and as he was passing through the office, a young clerk, of an intellect such as Fate always seizes upon when she wishes to curdle the milk, called the reverend gentleman's attention and handed him two missives. One was a letter, the other a carelessly folded note decorated with the terse superscription: "Padre Ruthven."

The Dean carried them to his room. The letter was of no moment—an invitation from a brother ecclesiast; the note was of a more complex nature, involving much deliberation and three distinct perusals. This is what it contained:

*Dear Old Padre:* Have just come back from the Blood Reserve. If you can slip away from the Gov'nor you'd better go out; Sunflower wants her Hiawatha. Go out to buy hay for all those cattle on your ranch. DICK.

As Dean Ruthven thought it over carefully it appeared quite as bad an affair as the rush of old Toreador. He was clever enough to see through it at once. Sunflower was an Indian girl, evidently of the Blood tribe, and she wanted to see her Hiawatha, his son George. Also George was to slip away on a clumsy excuse of buying hay. Dick was a man of fruitful resource, without doubt, but his grim joke of addressing the note "Padre" Ruthven had been a most providential piece of humor, for it had discovered to the father this most terrible state of affairs.

His son, the pride of his heart, and just when he was doing so well, too, to take up with a squaw! This was one of the very things he had feared slightly; he had read much of squaw men—men who had married Indian women; it meant their utter ruin.

He folded up the note slowly, deliberately, and threw it on the table with a sigh. For an hour he sat with his head on his arm, crouched in a broken heap, trying to shut out this terrible vision of a squaw siren. He was roused by the energetic tramp of his son's footstep at the door.

"Good evening, sir," cried George cheerfully, as he entered; "you got back safely?"

"Did you get on all right?" asked the father, schooling his voice with an effort.

"Oh, yes; it was a great trial—I mean," said George, checking himself suddenly as he remembered that his mission that day was supposed to be one of fire-fighting; "I mean, the fire nearly beat us; it was a great trial to all the fellows—there was a high wind."

"There's a note on the table, evidently for you," said the father, indicating with his hand the terrible missive. "The clerk gave it to me, and I brought it up."

"Excuse me, sir," and the Padre read Dick's brilliant literary effort. He read it twice, watching the Dean furtively from the corner of his eye. He was wondering if his father had read the note. Why, in the name of Fate, had his bronco-headed friend, Dick, addressed it "Padre" Ruthven? The Dean gave no sign; perhaps he hadn't read it; but George felt that he must prepare for that eventuality, so he said: "It's about some hay out on the Blood Reserve that I can buy for my cattle. The Indians put up hay, you know, for all the ranchers. My friend mentions a girl's name, and I fancy her brother's got the hay to sell. She interprets, you know—especially if her brother's away."

It was a floundering sort of diplomacy, this jumble of the Padre's; but when a man is suddenly thrown into deep water he doesn't always swim his very best; besides, there was a great chance that his father had not read the note.

The clergyman gave no sign—he preserved a silence as undemonstrative as the famed reticence of Dean Maitland; but next morning, when his son galloped off to purchase the apocryphal hay, he thought out a line of action which he conceived would straighten this tangle without scandal.

He rather startled the son on his return by declaring that he meant to spend two or three days out at his ranch. The news was almost too good for belief. Now the race meet could go on; surely the gods had clasped the Padre to their hearts.

"I wish to look more closely into this ranch life," declared the Dean.

"The cattle will be scattered now, I'm afraid," said the Padre; "the fire has driven them out on to other ranges."

"All the better," answered his father, "for I shall be in no danger from short-tempered bulls; I really want a quiet rest."

Before George and his father started for the ranch the Council learned of this happy turn of affairs. The Padre did not have to make any excuses to get back to the important business on hand, for the Dean was equally anxious to get rid of him—he had some business of his own to look into. So the Padre, after seeing that his father was particularly comfortable, and leaving instructions that the whole business of the temporary ranch staff was to be the making of the reverend gentleman's stay pleasant, so that he might abide contentedly with them, returned to town, and prepared for his big *coup* with Gray Bird on the morrow, Wednesday.

Dean Ruthven was full of the great undertaking he had in hand. He had determined to go quietly to the Blood Reserve, find this Indian girl, Sunflower, and use his moral influence to have her break off the unhappy alliance with his son. He would even pay her a large sum of money.

What he would do with the son afterward he could not determine; first, the cruel infatuation must be disrupted.

The Padre had said in leaving that he would gallop out in the morning to see his sire.

That night the Council were as men who had escaped an avalanche. Diligently they prepared for the financial collapse of all who believed not in young Ruthven's ability to win the Ranch Plate.

The Council knew that Gray Bird would surely win; even Whirlwind might win in spite of her poor showing in the trial; at any rate the Padre had them both entered—they would both start, and the money that would come to their coffers would be like a great remittance from the old land.

Now Wednesday morning, which was race day, the Dean, full of his project, casually learned from one of the ranchmen that the Blood Reserve was close by—a matter of four miles, with a good trail.

The son came out early; solicitously took extra precautions for the comfort of his respected parent; spent a little time in the stable, and went back to town with the cheerful information that his father had no intention of visiting Cargelly that day.

When the cowboys rode out on to the range, the Dean, in lieu of his own clerical frock, slipped on a corduroy coat belonging to his son, went quietly to the stable, and saddled a dark brown mare he discovered there; it was Whirlwind, but Dean Ruthven knew nothing of her racing life.

He had some difficulty over saddles, rejecting a heavy, Mexican, bronco-busting affair with disdain—it was like putting an easy-chair on a horse—as cumbersome. There was nothing else but an English-made saddle, looking suspiciously light; but it would do for an easy canter of four miles. The Dean had ridden much in his young days, and his gentle seat and light hands pleased the nervous Whirlwind; she was like a lamb with him. "What a lovely beast!" he muttered.

At the Blood Reserve he found a group of red-painted buildings; he had expected only Indian lodges, not knowing anything of an Agency. It was a distinct relief. If they contained white people, by diplomacy he could possibly gain much help.

Whirlwind had been there before, so she took her rider to Colonel Sloan's door as straight as Fate might have desired.

Hospitality made everything easy; besides, the Dean first of all was evidently a gentleman. "Just a little call," the reverend gentleman explained.

Whirlwind was stabled, and in the evolution of events many things came to light. The visitor was Dean Ruthven; Colonel Sloan was the intimate friend of the Dean's most intimate friend in London; ten minutes' conversation developed that; also the invitation to luncheon which followed was eagerly accepted.

The Colonel's sister, Marion, who was the Sunflower—only, of course, the Dean knew it not—charmed him as she did all others; he almost forgot his mission in the pleasant surroundings.

He and Colonel Sloan pulled together as though they had been friends all their lives. Into the clergyman's mind came the light of a cheerful prospect. Providence had surely sent him straight to the Agent; this firm-mannered gentleman would help him, he knew. If the Indian maid, Sunflower, were obdurate and refused to listen to reason, no doubt the Colonel with his authority could send her to some other reserve—Kamchatka, or any far-distant place.

So, as soon as the pleasant-voiced Marion had withdrawn from the room, Dean Ruthven in hesitating policy broached the subject.

"My dear Colonel Sloan," he commenced; "may I—may I—ask you to help me in a matter which is giving me great uneasiness—a most delicate subject, I assure you?"

"With all my heart, my dear sir," answered the gallant Colonel; "I am at your service—you may command me."

"Well—to tell you the truth—my son, George, has, I fear, contracted an unfortunate alliance. No doubt it's one of those reckless infatuations which young men are prone to, and probably he hasn't any serious intentions; but in that case it is, if possible, even worse—quite dishonorable; I assure you, my dear Colonel, I consider it dishonorable on his part."

Colonel Sloan was listening with well-bred interest, passing his hand leisurely down the back of a fox terrier that had jumped on his knee. He felt flattered by the confidence of this church dignitary; also he knew young Ruthven fairly well by reputation.

The speaker continued: "Yesterday, quite by accident, or, perhaps it was the finger of Providence, I discovered the existence of this intrigue."

Maid Marion came into the room at this juncture and the Colonel, skilled in resourceful diplomacy, gave her a commission that required her considerable absence. When she had gone the Dean proceeded:

"This is a matter that possibly concerns some one in your charge, Colonel—the girl, I mean."

The Colonel started visibly, but tipped the fox terrier from his knee to conceal his confusion.

"You, no doubt, will have an influence over her," said the Dean, with futile imbecility, "so I shall confide in you to the utmost extent."

The Colonel coughed and lighted a cigar. What in the world was coming!

"Now, I think it must be broken off at all costs," declared his tormentor; "at all costs; in fact, I am prepared to pay a large sum of money, if necessary, to prevent this misalliance."

"Quite so!" interjected Colonel Sloan in a dry voice.

"For, you see, it would never do; would it, Colonel?"

"I think not," answered the Agent.

"No, it would break his mother's heart. Fancy taking a girl of that sort home to England—if his intentions were really honorable, which I fear they are not. I know I should feel the disgrace very keenly."

"Everybody would!" declared the Colonel emphatically.

"Quite true. I have no doubt you know the girl I refer to, for, as I have said, she is in your charge."

"Possibly," commented the Colonel dryly; "you haven't mentioned the young lady's name."

"She's not exactly a lady," corrected the Dean; "I refer to a girl known as 'Sunflower.'"

The Colonel sprang to his feet with an exclamation horrible in the ears of a conscientious churchman

"What do you mean, you hound? Have you come here to insult my sister through me—and over your profligate son?"

The Dean was also on his feet, the light of a dreadful fright in his watery gray eyes

"Insult you, my dear sir—your sister—what is all this—what are you talking about?"

"Yes, my sister, Sunflower—Marion."

The stricken Dean moaned. "I understood that Sunflower was an Indian girl—a squaw; at least, I thought she was. This puts an entirely different face on the matter—please forgive me—I—I—oh, what shall I say? Forgive me—I will explain

The explanation was tortuous, broken, full of deep humiliation, contrite repentance, and in all the misery of it a glorious sense of relief that his son had not taken up with a squaw, but was evidently in love with this beautiful girl of good family. Peace finally reigned, for the Colonel was a man of much sense, and felt not like humiliating this churchman who was so thoroughly in earnest over his son's welfare

"I am so glad I came, in spite of the terrible blunder I made," wept the Dean. "I do hope that—that—we shall understand each other better—I may say, be closer united Your sister has quite won my heart, and I hope she has George's also

At that moment a stranger knocked at the door. When admitted he explained that he had come for the brown mare the Dean had ridden. She was wanted in Cargelly

"Impossible!" declared Dean Ruthven "How am I to get back to the Ranch? In fact I think I shall go into Cargelly now"—and he turned and smiled on Colonel Sloan. Yes, that was his best plan—he would ride the mare into Cargelly

But the messenger was obdurate

"All right," declared the Dean, blithely; "I'll ride into Cargelly on her—I'm most anxious to get in at once;" he nodded pleasantly at the Agent, as an indication that he meant to do something of interest to him

"She's got to be led in, sir," objected the man: "Padre Ruthven had her entered in a race to start at

"Heavens! a race gasped the Dean; "my son racing'

Also the stranger got a shock; he didn't know that the clerical purloiner of Whirlwind was Padre Ruthven's father. He should have been better schooled when he was sent for the mare.

Excuse me, my dear sir," the Dean said to his host; "I must stop this race. I'll take the mare there myself," he added fiercely to the newcomer.

Into the saddle clambered the Dean; eagerly he galloped for Cargelly; at his side loped the messenger From time to time he consulted his watch, would he be in time to stop it? For, as they sped, the man explained, idiotically enough, that the son was riding Gray Bird in the race, and that he was to have ridden Whirlwind himself

With easy swing the thoroughbred mare loped over the smooth prairie trail. If it had not been for the cayuse galloping laboriously beside her she would have gone faster

"There's plenty of time, Guy'nor," cried his companion; "don't knock the mare about." He had an idea that, perhaps, he would yet outwit the Dean and secure Whirlwind for the race. He even thought of throwing his lariat over the churchman and pulling him out of the saddle. But he gave up this idea; many things might happen: the mare might get away; even the Dean might break his neck

Four miles off, the square, unadorned houses of Cargelly rose on the level prairie like huge packing boxes. A motley multitude of twisting figures could be seen to the right; that was the race-course—even the Dean surmised that

Would he be in time? His watch told him it was twenty minutes to four

As they drew nearer the brown mare pricked her ears wistfully; the scent of a speed battle came to her nostrils, and she rattled the snaffle-bit restlessly against her white teeth Straight for the race mob galloped the Dean; close at his heels loped the cayuse. Swifter glided the prairie under the two horsemen, for Whirlwind was warming to the race taint that was in the air.

"What time—is it—Guy'nor?" panted the man at Dean Ruthven's elbow

"Two—minutes—to four," he gasped in answer.

"They're at—the—post" pumped the other as the wind drove into his set teeth He could see a dozen horsemen grouped near a man with a red flag, straight in front of them

Now it happened that the starting-post for this race, which was one and a quarter miles, was at the point where their trail cut through the course

Young Ruthven was one of the horsemen. He was in a rage. What had become of Whirlwind? He had sent his man, Ned Haslam, a good rider, too, out for her—Ned was to have ridden Whirlwind; next to the Padre himself, she would gallop better for Haslam than any one else.

He thought that, perhaps, Ned might have her at the post waiting, for there was no weighing out to be done—the race terms being for gentlemen riders, catch weights over a hundred and forty pounds. He had not declared her a non starter, and his two horses were coupled in the betting But neither Haslam nor Whirlwind was at the post

As Gray Bird swerved away from the starter's flag, and swung around on his hind feet, young Ruthven caught sight of the two horsemen

"Hold off for a minute," he cried eagerly to the starter "here comes Whirlwind at last; I think Ned is on her back, too. She'll be under your orders in another minute and can start."

One of the Winnipeg riders uttered an objection.

"She'll have all the worse of it," retorted the Padre, "for her idiotic rider has got tangled up in some delay, and has had to gallop the mare"

"I'll wait," said the starter; "line up, and get ready."

There could be no technical objection

The Padre beckoned with his whip for Whirlwind's rider to come to the post; the Dean answered with a shout when he recognized his son

"Back there—line up!" called the starter. "Whirlwind must start as soon as she gets in the bunch—I can't wait."

Nobody recognized the Dean in his tight-buttoned corduroy coat—not even his son; for they were busy trying for the best of the start

"Hold on!" called the Dean, as he swung on to the course from the trail

There was an aftermath of reproach in the exhortation

"Go to the devil!" yelled the starter; "I've no time to let you breathe your horse!"

Even if the starter had wished to delay matters the Dean would not have been of the party, for Whirlwind, trained to the quick start, keen for the strife that had been of all her life, rushed through the eager straining horses, carrying them with her

"Go" yelled the starter, dropping his flag as they flashed by him all in a bunch

Down went the second flag It was a start—a beautiful start!

As the Dean flashed by his son the Padre recognized him Great Cæsar! Had the Guy'nor gone mad! It was like a nightmare; he rode as one in a dream. But in front of him was the terrible tangibility of his clerical father riding in a wicked horse race. Of course the Guy'nor was crazy, but—and he took a pull at Gray Bird's head—he couldn't afford to throw away the race on that account

At his flank raced the mare from Edmonton; behind, half a length, thundered the two from Winnipeg. Past the crude grand-stand on the first round, they swung in this order Whirlwind had the lead and she meant to keep it; that had always been her idea of a race. Speed she had in plenty, but when horses were in front they threw fierce-cutting sand in her face, and the snapping of the rider's shirts in the wind, and the cracking of their whips, bothered her

How she liked the jockey on her back! His strong pull on the bit steadied her around the curves, firm-braced in the saddle he sat quiet—just as a jockey should, she reasoned

In the Dean's face was the horror of a lifetime compressed into a tiny tablet. With set teeth and braced knees he pulled strong at the mad brute's head. "She's running away with me," he muttered; "I shall be disgraced for life

Hard on the right rein he tugged as Whirlwind hugged the circling rail on the left. If he could only pull her off the course!

That's right," whispered the mare; "steady me a bit wide." Out of her large, wise eye she watched the horses behind. Ha, ha! such sport! They would never catch her

Good old girl!" muttered the Padre as the strong brown quarters in front of him gathered and straightened with the easy motion of a steam piston. Now the broad hoofs scattered the gravel back in their faces; truly she was a picture

He eased Gray Bird back after they passed the stand on the first round. The Regina horse slipped into his place at the mare's heels. On his right pounded a big bay from Winnipeg; half a length back was the gray mare from Edmonton running under a strong wrap

Madly the grand-stand cheered as Whirlwind, still in the lead, swung into the straight. "Who is the jockey?" some one asked. "Thought Ned Haslam was to ride for the Padre—that's not Ned"

He's a mighty good jockey though—whoever he is," another answered

A quarter of a mile from the finish the Winnipeg horse Cyclone, far-reaching in his big stride, was lapped on Whirlwind's quarter. The Padre saw this; that was what he was lying back for—to see things, and put them right. Into the flank of Gray Bird he drove a spur, and the Montana horse, quivering with the strain of his giant muscles, pushed past the white-faced chestnut that was running him neck and neck, and crept up until his long, sloping shoulder touched the huge thigh of the Winnipeg Cyclone

Never had such a race been seen in Cargelly. The stand watchers rose to their feet—stood on their very toes in excitement. Would the mare last out—the gallant little Whirlwind? Surely she would, for her jockey, sitting with set face, riding with superb judgment, had not moved on her; not once had he raised his whip. Surely he knew that his mount had plenty in hand, or he would have urged her with whip and spur.

"Cyclone will win!" said a Winnipeg man, his voice tense with excitement.

"I'll lay you a thousand the mare beats her!" said Major Lance huskily.

"Done!" cried Winnipeg

Cyclone's big nose was at Whirlwind's shoulder now, and they were a furlong from the finish

"If my rider sits tight," murmured the mare, "that brute will never catch me."

The Dean sat tight—there was nothing else in it for him; a false move on the tiring mare, well he knew, might throw her under the feet of the galloping horses. All the evil that could come to him, all the disgrace and ... terialized at the start, therefore he sat tight and waited

The Padre pushed Gray Bird still farther up, fairly lifting him at every jump. He could not win, he felt convinced, but a little bustle at the side of Cyclone might juggle his stride a bit

Ah! what a race it was home to the finish post! The big horse, strong galloping, lashed and cut with whip and spur, strained and far-stretched his strong muscles to overtake the smooth gliding little brown mare but a neck in front. Even the neck lead shortened, and still the grim figure on her back swerved her not a hair's breadth from her stride. Now it was a head, just a small brown head in front There was only silence in the grand-stand; no noise in the air at all—nothing but a muffled roar of hoofs pounding the turf, and the sharp crack of a quirt on Cyclone's ribs.

Only the Judge, sighting straight across the two finish posts, knew whether a bay or brown nose had caught his eye first. In the stand a babel of voices was yelling: "Cyclone wins! Whirlwind's got it!"

Then, after a little waiting hush, number five went up. That was Whirlwind's number

The Padre galloped on and overtook the mare

He threw himself from Gray Bird's back. Back he led Whirlwind. "Sit here for a minute, father, and rest," he said, lifting the old man down; and in a thrice he had the saddle on the back of the seat. It was the weighing scales. And the weight was sufficient—two pounds over the hundred and forty

Eagerly the men who had amassed sudden wealth gathered about this new rider the Padre had unearthed from somewhere. What a clever trick of the Padre's it had been, to be sure. Nobody but Major Lance recognized the man in the corduroy coat. The Padre fought them off, and carried his father from the course, leaving the care of the horses and all the rest of it to the Major and others of the Council

There was an aftermath of reproach and exhortation and remorse on the part of the Dean, and contrition on the part of the Padre, and the assurance of an undoubted reformation. Willingly he promised to race no more, and where are there fathers without forgiveness in their hearts? There was not one in Cargelly anyway, because, at the end of all things the Dean knew, because he performed the ceremony himself, that Marion, the Sunflower, would guard his son's moral interests as only a good wife can.

(THE END)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 173 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

¶ A riot of sentiment may be even more dangerous than a riot of physical force

¶ After all, politics is the strenuous life. Men walk in business paths, but they run for office.

¶ A combination of horseless carriage and senseless driver is one that calls for the police.

¶ Perhaps the philanthropists who are organizing the plow trust are only doing it in order to give the farmers their share of the frills of city life.

¶ It cost the Chinese Court 13,000,000 taels to move back to Pekin. This was much more expensive than the getting away, which was accomplished by free and forced marches.

¶ The man who makes the biggest noise in the world isn't always the one who gets the money. While the motorman bangs the gong it is the conductor who quietly takes in the nickels

¶ Just because a Southerner votes the Republican ticket and knows enough not to blow out the gas, he is not necessarily qualified, in the opinion of President Roosevelt, for so responsible a position as that of district judge.

¶ Hall Caine in becoming a candidate for the Isle of Man Parliament upset a general impression. On this side of the water we thought that Hall Caine was the Isle of Man, and that the Isle of Man was simply a local geographical designation of Hall Caine

¶ Henry Watterson may be the next Governor of Kentucky in spite of his reported pledge that he would never take another office after he left Congress. His election would be hailed with delight, if only for the fact that the country would get at least one Governor's message that would be worth reading from start to finish

¶ In appointing Mr. William Dudley Foulke a Civil Service Commissioner President Roosevelt has shown that he believes that the best way to get Civil Service Reform is to take a Civil Service Reformer for the work, and therefore the good citizens of the country rejoice. We believe that one of the very best promises of the Roosevelt Administration is the practical assurance that we shall have the merit system so firmly intrenched in our national politics that no assaults of spoils and spoilsmen will ever be able to weaken it.

¶ "We wear nothing to suit ourselves, we wear nothing because it is beautiful, and we wear nothing out," is the plaint of a woman on the subject of clothes. Therefore she calls for a universal dress that will be fashionable all the time and that can give the worth of its cost to its owner. The idea is capital; the trouble is that a universal dress for one woman is a perfect fright for all the others. Therefore fashion will have its way, and the only choice for the feminine reformer is between sackcoat and trousers and sackcloth and ashes

## Our Bargain in Alaska

WHEN Seward bought seven million dollars' worth of icebergs in Alaska the purchase was defended on the ground that the country would be good for furs. That has proved true. The fur trade has much more than paid the whole cost of the Territory.

But before we had owned the country very long we found that the fisheries were worth more than the furs

Mr. Cleveland has said that the statements of fishermen must be judged by a special code of ethics on which laymen cannot presume to have an opinion. We shall not venture to say, therefore, whether the assertion that some Alaskan rivers cannot be navigated because the propellers of steamers will not turn in the masses of salmon that fill them is to be taken literally or in a Waltonian sense. Anyway, we know that the Alaskan fisheries are enormously valuable.

But after we learned that lesson we began to discover that the gold of Alaska was worth more than the fisheries. The mines already yield more every year than we paid Russia for the whole Territory, and it is likely that before long they will prove richer than the Rand, for which England is pouring out her blood in South Africa.

And even that is not all. It is said now that Alaska is going to be a good agricultural country, and that it will easily accommodate a million people. That seems unnatural, but a study of the climatic conditions will show that it is not so absurd, after all. The average January temperature of Sitka is about the same as that of Southern Iowa, Central Illinois, and Mason and Dixon's Line. The southern part of the mainland of Alaska has the same temperature in January as Northern Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan. Central Alaska from St. Michael to the British line near Fort Selkirk has a January temperature corresponding to that of Northern Manitoba and Northern Ontario and Quebec.

The winter isothermals dip downward so sharply that the Alaskan climate throughout is as mild as that in Canadian regions several degrees farther south.

On the map, Alaska seems to correspond to the British Northwest Territories bordering the Arctic Ocean and Hudson's Bay, but climatically, in winter, it corresponds to Athabaska, British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec and our Northern Central States

Considering the fact that the Territory is nearly three times as large as France or the German Empire, it looks as if Seward got a pretty fair bargain for his seven million two hundred thousand dollars —SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

*The wise shopper seizes opportunity and takes the Christmas present by the forelock*

## The Prophets and the Workers

OF THE many stories told of the late Ameer of Afghanistan, who was one of the really strong characters among monarchs of recent years, none is better than the one about the subject who ran to court in great alarm, crying that the Russians were coming. "Are they really coming?" said the Ameer. "Then you shall be taken to the top of yonder tower and you shall have no food till you see them arrive."

We have in our modern life a great many prophets who rush into print with predictions of impending disaster, and who see in the keen competitions of the day and in the evolutions that are going on in trade, industry and society so many sure calamities that their warnings have become as monotonous as they are uncalled for.

One of the most familiar of the solemn assertions is that the rush of American life is sweeping the nation to an untimely grave It is useless to point out that longevity is increasing, that Americans live better and get more out of their years, and that all of mankind are being lifted to a finer and truer existence by their activities; for the prophets will still cling to their bodings, and marvel why their own consternation does not lead to universal panic.

It is pleasant to turn from these messengers of dismay to the clear-visioned men of action who see conditions and agencies from the proper point of view. Marquis Ito, the great Japanese statesman who recently made his fourth visit to this country and who knows what American life means, exclaimed as he looked upon an American street:

"Always in a hurry everybody! It has made America go ahead, has this hurry

A few weeks ago Lord Rosebery, who is one of the ablest of living Englishmen, counseled the young men of England to cultivate the nervous energy of America. He pointed out the dangers and limitations of British complacency, and showed that it is not only inefficient as a national trait but that it is a poor policy on which to run modern progress. There was a prompt outcry from some portions of the English press; but what could be said when the objections were put into type by American-made machines, when the papers were printed on American-made presses, and distributed on trains drawn by American made locomotives through tunnels dug by Americans and lighted by electricity from American-managed power-houses? Right in the centre of British activity and in the world's greatest city the evidences of the nervous energy of America abound on every hand

Let no laggard spirit lay the flattering unction to its soul that the best life drifts from the moving waters to a serene calm where the lotus flowers fill the air with perfumed tranquillity. The gospel of the age is action. The man or the nation that is doing things and realizing the rewards and the joys of life glories in work. The body of the individual as well as the body politic calls for movement. The mind of the person as well as the intelligence of the race reaches the larger ports by buffeting through storms. It may seem big to mount some hazy apprehension and send a warning to the world, but far better is it to find an opportunity, however modest it may be, to achieve something for the good of civilization and the profit of the worker.

America has attained her leadership only through struggle and not by prophecy, and she will keep it by meeting the present and facing the future with ready courage, even though the prophets come running with fateful tidings. And in the meanwhile the Ameer's plan of putting the alarmists on the tower-tops might have its advantages.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

*In modern oratory man wants but little here below nor wants that little long.*

## The Strong Sons of Yale

THE Yale celebration recalls the vast work done for a whole commonwealth by a single educational institution. Connecticut was distinctly falling behind Massachusetts during the seventeenth century. Her industries and trade were less prosperous. The professional classes either did not exist, or were on a much lower level of skill than in the sister Colony. When the pastor of the First Church in Hartford was dangerously ill he had to take a journey to Boston, mainly through the unbroken wilderness, to find a physician competent to prescribe for him. And when at last the Governor called his fellow-citizens to confer about establishing a college after the fashion of Harvard, it was found that the Colony hardly contained scholarship enough to man it Arithmetic and surveying were the amount of available mathematics. Latin and the Greek of the New Testament stood for classical learning

But the people of the Colony had a right instinct in the matter. They felt that if they were to make a living out of Connecticut it must be by the sharpening of their wits, and that a college was the first need. The result justified their hopes. During its first fifty years Yale College trained and sent out the most remarkable series of graduates to be found on the rolls of any American institution. First came the group of which Dr. Samuel Johnson, the first President of Columbia, was the foremost representative. They left the Congregational for the Episcopal communion, and created in Connecticut the first High Church diocese of America

Next came the still more remarkable group at whose head stands Jonathan Edwards, who revolutionized the theology of New England. Edwards is pronounced by competent judges to have been the greatest of all Americans in pure intellectual force. Frederick Maurice and Leslie Stephen give him that rank, and the one was an English Broad Churchman, the other is an English Agnostic. Frederick Robertson names Edwards as one of the authors whom he absorbed. At home a certain prejudice against Edwards has been created by the persistent hostility of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Doctor Holmes was a bright man, but not of the necessary calibre to pass upon Jonathan Edwards. He was not merely a theologian. He holds the place of our first scientific naturalist through his study of spiders. As a metaphysician he takes rank along with such men as Spinoza. He worked out for himself the system of Idealism which we identify with Berkeley As a preacher he never has had an equal as regards his power to move directly and deeply even a hostile audience. Whitefield was his only rival. As a logician he was invincible. Grant the premises of his Treatise on the Will, and you must go to the end.

Power rather than grace was the mark of Edwards, and indeed it has been so of the Yale graduate generally. Harvard has done more for literature and the refining influences of genial thought. But Yale has given the country strong men, who write no sonnets, but who have their hands on the helm, the reins, the throttle valve of national life

[illegible]

*The right sort of Thanksgiving is not blind when the collection plate passes.*

# "PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

## A Menace to the Milling Industry

*By Rollin E. Smith*

ACCORDING to the reports of the Agricultural Department at Washington the exports of wheat from this country for June of this year were, in round numbers, 13,000,000 bushels, which was fifty per cent. more than for the same month last year. In July there were 18,000,000 bushels exported, nearly three times as much as in July, 1900. For the seven months ending with July the amount of wheat exported was over 95,000,000 bushels, or 45,000,000 bushels greater than in the first seven months of 1900. During August the exports were also very heavy, though the Department had not at this writing reported on that month

The first thought is likely to be that this is an excellent showing for this country, yet the contrary is the case. In fact, it is the poorest showing the country has ever made in the way of exports, for these enormous foreign shipments point to a commercial calamity which is sure to overtake a great industry — that of flour-milling — unless it is averted by prompt action on the part of those who have it in their power

The situation is so simple that any one may see it. The milling capacity of this country has increased so rapidly in the last ten years that a foreign outlet for a part of the flour is an absolute necessity to keep the mills running. In fact, the capacity of many of the mills has been increased by reason of the export business which they have built up. The Minneapolis mills exported, for the crop years ending with August, 1899 and 1900, nearly one-third of their output, or about 5,000,000 barrels each year. However, for two years the export trade has steadily fallen away: first in loss of profit, though the volume of shipments was maintained. The mills kept their brands in the foreign markets, although it was impossible to sell at a profit owing to the low prices made by European millers. This year American millers have found it impossible to sell their flour in Europe except at a loss most of the time; and as a result the volume of flour exports has fallen off heavily. The manager of one of the large Minneapolis milling companies told me that the exports of his company for August of this year were sixty seven per cent. less than for August, 1900.

The cause of this falling off of the flour export business is discrimination in freight rates whereby wheat, the raw material, may be shipped from the West to Europe at a lower rate of freight than flour, the manufactured product. The millers of Great Britain and of the Continent are thereby enabled to secure American wheat and to make flour which can be sold cheaper in London, say, than American-made flour can be sold. This discrimination in freight rates favoring wheat as against flour means, unless relief be given to the millers, practically the ruin of the great industry of flour-milling, and a return — a retrograde step — of this country from being a shipper of a manufactured article to becoming an exporter of the raw material

In August the published tariff on wheat and flour, all rail, from Minneapolis to New York was 22½ cents the 100 pounds, but the actual rate obtainable on wheat was 16 cents. No reduction in rates was obtainable on flour. Added to this heavy discrimination against flour, the fact that the steamship companies made a rate of one cent a bushel on wheat from Boston and Philadelphia to London and Liverpool, but that flour paid from three to five times that rate. This discrimination against flour has paralyzed the flour export trade.

That the reader may fully comprehend the magnitude of the industrial tragedy that is in sight, the importance of the flour-milling industry of the country must be understood. In round numbers, the capital invested in milling plants is $250,000,000, which is only exceeded in manufacturing by iron, steel and foundry works, and cotton-goods factories.

Take away from these mills their export trade and they must find an additional domestic market for their surplus output or close down. The Minneapolis milling companies would be forced to sell 5,000,000 barrels of flour in American markets more than they have been doing, or close their mills one third of the time. The latter is impossible. Owing to their wealth and strength, they might be able to sell their entire output in domestic markets, but this means that much less flour sold by other mills. And at the same time there would also be all the other exporting mills endeavoring to dispose of their surplus output in already overstocked markets. The final result would be the wiping out of all but a few small mills with a local trade, and a giant corporation or two that would control the trade of the cities.

Back of the traffic managers, the trouble may be traced to the big elevator companies of the West and Northwest. To illustrate — and this cannot be successfully denied — an elevator manager at Kansas City, Omaha, Minneapolis or Chicago has an accumulation of wheat which he wishes to get out of the country. He goes to the several traffic managers, saying: "I have a million bushels of wheat to [illegible] and the road making the best rate gets the business." The traffic managers want the business and one of them gets it. Though the regular tariff rates on wheat from the West to the seaboard may be less than on flour, the special rates given to the large grain shippers offer that much additional advantage to the foreign millers

Here is where their policy is short-sighted. A road may, several times a year, get a few million bushels of wheat to haul, and it can run solid trains to move it. Then the movement stops for a time and part of the road's equipment is idle, whereas it has been crowded and other traffic has been inconvenienced for a time. The elevator manager has little further use for the road until he can get another cut rate With the miller it is different. Every town of any size has a mill in which a number of men are employed. Shipments of flour continue evenly and uninterruptedly throughout the year. Coal, cooperage stock, bags and machinery are shipped in, and in the aggregate form an immense amount of business The passenger traffic, directly and indirectly, is also an item of considerable importance, and one which, without the mills, would be wanting

As wheat-exporting countries, Russia and Argentina are almost as important as the United States. As milling and manufacturing nations they are insignificant. Their grain goes from the producer to the exporter at a fraction of its worth, and the peasantry of those countries are as far below the American farmer as the hand-mills of our ancestors were below the roller-mills of to-day. Yet, let the manufacturer and all that comes with him step in between the peasants of those countries and the grain exporters, and the importance of the nations will steadily increase. Remove the manufacturer of flour in this country, and the other industries that go with him, from the place he occupies between the farmer and the exporter of wheat, giving the farmer over into the hands of the few large elevator companies and a milling corporation or two, and the great agricultural-manufacturing States will crumble back to pastoral primitiveness, and the great flour-milling industry and the hum of wheels in thousands of villages and towns will be a thing of the past.

## The Road-Makers' Laboratory

*By Crittenden Marriott*

ACCORDING to experts, the cost of building the best sort of macadam road is about $10,000 a mile, and that of building the poorest is about $8000. The best will last some thirty years with ordinary care; the poorest will call for expensive repairs after about two years, and will sometimes have to be entirely renewed within five or six years. It all depends on the materials used. Often, the better materials are easily available and are even cheaper than the poorer ones, and yet are not selected owing to the ignorance of the road-builders.

This ignorance, for which the taxpayers suffer severely, the Government has now set itself to destroy. Last December it established in the Bureau of Chemistry of the Agricultural Department a "road-material laboratory," the sole business of which is to test samples sent it and determine their value for road building under the conditions of actual use. When samples of all the rocks available in a given locality are sent to it, it will determine which will give the best results under the conditions of rainfall and temperature obtaining there.

This laboratory, which is under charge of Mr. L. W. Page, of Massachusetts, began work without a tool or machine and without an appropriation, this last becoming available only on July 1 last, six months after the office was opened. Until now it has rather discouraged publicity, as it already has more work on hand than it can attend to with the very limited force at its disposal. Hereafter it hopes to do better.

All material sent in is tested for abrasion, cementation and toughness, and will be tested for hardness as soon as the proper machines can be built The accurate determination of hardness, however, is of far less importance than that of the other qualities named

The abrasion test determines to what extent a given material will be worn away by a given amount of rubbing, grinding, shaking together, and so on. It is obtained by placing fragments of uniform size in a cylinder, where they are agitated by machinery at a rate which ordinarily is not sufficient to break them, and then ascertaining the amount by which they are reduced in size. The cementation test is to discover the adhesive power of the dust ground from the substance and cemented together by rain and by the rolling or trampling of the road. It is obtained by subjecting little cylinders, formed by mixing the dust with distilled water, to the continual blows of a weight falling through a fixed distance; some substances will be shattered at once, but others will sustain as many as two thousand exactly similar blows before falling to pieces. This shows the ability of the material to repair itself when put on a road Toughness is tested by the same machine, a cylinder of the material as it ordinarily exists being subjected to the blows of a cylinder made up by mixing water with its dust. It shows the resisting power of the material to the constant blows of wheels and horses' feet.

At present the laboratory refuses to test materials intended for any purpose except country-road building. After a while, when a larger force is obtained, it will test those intended for fences, houses and the like, and those artificial stones manufactured in such enormous quantities for city uses, such as pavements, roadways, and all the thousand and one ends for which concrete is now applied. The value of this work will plainly be enormous, enabling it to be determined approximately how long any given structure will last under ordinary conditions, instead of leaving this to be settled only by the slow test of time

## The Results of the Mosquito War

*By Alvah H. Doty*

Health Officer, Port of New York

THE full results of our mosquito experiments cannot be presented until the laboratory work which is now in progress is completed. It may be said, however, that the practical part of the work has shown that stagnant ponds, cesspools and rain-barrels are breeding places of the mosquito, and that in areas where malaria exists will be found the variety of the mosquito known as the Anopheles, the insect which transmits the parasite of this disease. These facts have already been demonstrated many times before by different investigators.

There is no reason to believe that the mosquito lays its eggs anywhere but in the water, and it prefers that it be stagnant and unclean. This is particularly true of the Anopheles, which are found breeding in old pans and other receptacles found about premises which are not in good sanitary condition. Unfortunately this is commonly overlooked. Though it is possible for mosquitoes to be carried by certain winds to a distant part, they usually prefer to remain in the immediate vicinity of their breeding-places, and during the day are secreted in the tall grass or brush near the stagnant pools

Careful experiments with different agents have demonstrated that petroleum oil, in some form, is the most effective means of destroying the mosquito larvæ. Its use, however, can only be accepted as a temporary means of freeing a community from mosquitoes, inasmuch as the radical and scientific method of securing this result is proper drainage, cleanliness, and the enforcement of proper sanitary regulations which deprive the mosquito of its breeding-places. In our recent experiments the Anopheles were found in the apartments of those sick with malaria. The captured Anopheles have been placed in receptacles made of wire netting, and are fed and otherwise cared for. They have deposited eggs in the receptacles containing water which have been placed in their cages and from these have been grown the full fledged winged insects, which we are certain do not contain the malarial parasite inasmuch as they have not been removed from the cages. When the opportunity presents itself some of these will be allowed to bite persons known to be suffering with malaria, and afterward these insects will be dissected to determine if possible the presence of the parasite. It is on these lines that the mosquito experiments will be continued in the laboratory

Many interesting and valuable experiments have been made in connection with this part of the subject. For instance, some European investigators erected a house on the Roman Campagna at a point where malarial fever of the most pernicious type is notoriously present. The building was completely protected by netting to prevent the entrance of mosquitoes. Here the investigators lived, and though many cases of malaria occurred in their immediate vicinity not one of the party became ill from this disease, although they were freely exposed to the night air which formerly was believed to be the cause of malaria in certain areas.

In petrolizing the breeding places of mosquitoes, an apparatus was used consisting of a wooden frame, having underneath a network of small pipes with numerous openings This was attached to a tank containing crude petroleum oil under pressure, which carried the oil with considerable force beneath the water. Although it soon came to the surface it undoubtedly destroyed larvæ which at times are below and which may escape if the oil is simply thrown on the surface.

It is clear to all who have investigated this subject that malaria is transmitted by the mosquito, and that the disease will disappear if this insect can be banished. Though the use of petroleum oil for this purpose is of great value it is not the radical or scientific means of bringing about this result, which can be fully attained only by proper drainage and the enforcement of modern sanitary regulations.

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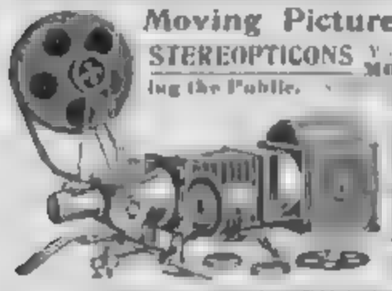

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# Men & Women of the Hour

## The Winning of Simpson

Hon. S. M. Cullom

ALTHOUGH Senator Shelby M Cullom is one of the most dignified and sedate members of the upper house of Congress, he is anything but "ponderous" in habits of thought, and can make as quick a turn in the rough-and-ready contests of a political campaign as the youngest member of the school of stump orators. The story of how he made a convert out of a political enemy in the last national campaign illustrates his alertness in this respect. As he faced a large audience, in his home city of Springfield, he saw in the audience a fellow-townsman who had formerly been an influential Republican, but who had joined the opposing party and displayed a dangerous activity in its support

This man arose from his seat and apparently was ready to begin a series of "catch questions." Before this intention could be put into execution Senator Cullom paused in his speech and in a conversational tone called out

John Simpson, you're too old a man to stand up in any audience that I talk to; just come right up here and hold down this chair next to mine"

The invitation was accepted, and at the close of the mass-meeting the man announced that he was "back in the fold," and had "come to stay"

An usher at the Northwestern Railroad Station in Chicago tells a story which indicates that the Senator has lost none of his vigor, in spite of his seventy years, and that he is a "gentleman of the old school."

As the Senator came up the station stairs he saw an elderly woman struggling with a huge satchel. She leaned heavily to one side and attempted to make her way toward the bridge with the cumbersome burden swinging from the leverage of her hip. Suddenly she heard a kindly voice saying: "Will you trust me to help you along with your satchel, madam? It looks too heavy for you. My little handbag is light, and you may take that while I carry your satchel, if you will."

For a moment she hesitated; but the glance into the Senator's face reassured her and she gave her old-fashioned satchel into his keeping. Her gratitude for this gallant assistance might have been still greater had she known that her escort was one of "the old guard" of the United States Senate

## One Way to Learn English

Lieutenant Colonel Chuzaburo Watanabe, the new Military Attaché of the Japanese Embassy, who was recently presented to the officials of our War Department by the Japanese Minister, Mr. Kogoro Takahira, is an interesting addition to the diplomatic life of the National Capital. Colonel Watanabe is a man of quiet force, reticent in manner, but exceedingly courteous. He answers all questions carefully, but does not take the initiative in talking to his guests. Upon the visitor devolves the work of keeping up the conversation

Colonel Watanabe is a trifle over forty years of age. All of his manhood days have been spent in the Japanese Army. He has served on the staff of the Emperor, and was a member of the Board of Strategy during the Chinese-Japanese War. After that conflict he was assigned to duty in the office of the Minister of War, where, among other responsibilities, he acted as interpreter for the military attachés of foreign embassies in Tokyo The conversational medium was French, and as Colonel Watanabe had enjoyed educational advantages in Paris his duties were readily discharged

Shortly after the conclusion of the war the United States sent a military attaché to join the American Legation at Tokyo, and as he could not speak French, and as Colonel Watanabe could not understand English, an embarrassing situation ensued

"But it did not seem to be a very formidable situation," remarked the Colonel a few nights ago, in Washington. "The truth is that no tongue appears difficult to a Japanese after he has mastered his own intricate language. I bought a Webster's Dictionary—not the one you term 'unabridged,' but one more petite—and as I was familiar with Roman letters, I copied all the words in the volume and committed them to memory. In grammar I was, as you might say, delinquent, but my vocabulary was huge. I used many words of great import, no doubt, but I could not marshal them in the proper order, but somehow your attaché understood. Oh, he must have been a rare man, a philosopher!

'Soon after I learned English some of our statesmen began to agitate the question of having English adopted as the national tongue, but I can truthfully say that it was not the grace of my speech that precipitated the movement. Now half a million of my countrymen read and write English, and three millions read and write the Romanized Japanese

"I know many of the English words I have heard since I arrived in Washington a few weeks ago, but I understand that the orators, the ones who use elegant English, will not return until the winter months."

Colonel Watanabe was asked if he referred to American Congressmen, but for reply he simply laughed quietly. He speaks with great deliberation, and every word stands by itself as if he were reading from a roster of names and were pausing after each for a reply. This habit, he says, is the result of his having learned the language from a dictionary without knowledge, at first, of how to string together the amazing number of words he acquired. He is extremely modest about his career, and speaks of himself only in answer to questions. He is a man of much refinement and his travels have given him a cosmopolitan view of things in general

"Japan is a great country," remarked his visitors

"No, not great, but it has ambitions in that line," was the reply

## Comptroller Dawes' Successor

Mr. William Barret Ridgely

BLOOD is thicker than water, Mr William Barret Ridgely, who has just succeeded Mr. Charles G Dawes as Comptroller of the Currency, may be depended upon to administer the affairs of his office in accordance with the most conservative banking methods, for he belongs to a race of bankers. His grandfather went into the banking business in 1824, taking a position in the branch United States Bank at St Louis and remaining there through the heat of the Jackson controversy. In 1835 he removed to Illinois and became cashier of a prosperous State bank. Fourteen children and seventy lineal descendants comprise the family of the first "banker Ridgely." His sons, including the father of the present Comptroller, followed the career of their father.

The next generation of Ridgelys grew up in the banking atmosphere, and the new Comptroller "began at the bottom" of the business and learned its every detail, from dusting counters and running errands to the most responsible executive duties of a large financial institution, for the Ridgely Bank in Springfield, Illinois, is one of the largest in the State outside of Chicago, and has a wide reputation for its sound and conservative methods

At one time, however, it seemed that the present Comptroller was destined to be an exception to the family tendency, and that he would desert the banking business for the iron and steel industry. The family acquired large iron interests and young William Barret was sent to the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, at Troy, New York. He went into the iron business after his return home, but later entered the bank and continued there for some years. Eventually, however, he was called to a high position in the iron interest, and finally became Vice President of the Republic Iron and Steel Company, the position which he resigned to accept the Comptrollership

In his personal address Mr Ridgely is cordial and democratic to a degree. Next to listening to a good story, Mr. Ridgely enjoys telling one, and he can scarcely avoid becoming one of the group of story tellers of the first rank at the National Capital

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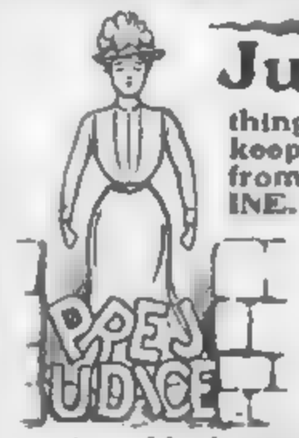


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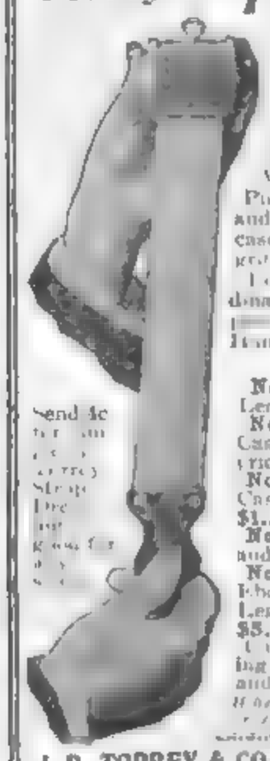

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## A Really Clever Novel

Once in a while—a long while—a clever novel is vouchsafed us. Once in a while we pick up a book, and discover with a gasp of astonishment and joy that it is not a [illegible] reconstruction of a historic period with a few fictitious characters scattered through it—like raisins in a rice pudding—but a real story, fresh, keen, original, amusing, and warranted to teach us nothing but the unfathomable ironies of life. When this happens we are glad we learned to read. The author of Elizabeth and Her German Garden has turned the curse of Cadmus into a blessing by writing The Benefactress *(The Macmillan Company)*.

It is the simplest of tales, but rich in admirable situations. A young English woman, dependent from childhood upon a wealthy and disagreeable sister-in-law, inherits an estate in Germany, and goes to the Fatherland to live upon her own acres and diffuse happiness and prosperity. Such, at least, is her intention; and, in her boundless ignorance of money, of life, and of the people among whom she has cast her lot, she deems her path a straight one. She has known the bitterness of poverty, she has eaten the bread of subjection, and her noble dream is the releasing of other women from bondage. She will take into her home twelve indigent daughters of German aristocracy, and share with them all her earthly possessions.

Happily the scheme is abbreviated, and the number of "chosen ones" never gets beyond three. When to these three are added a niece, a governess, and a reduced princess by way of housekeeper, Miss Estcourt finds her hands full and her heart singularly empty. She has meant to love the unfortunate ladies whom she shelters. She has intended them to be sisters, and to spend their days in a feminine Paradise of Delights. How could she foresee that Frau von Treumann would detest Baroness Elmreich, that Baroness Elmreich would abhor Frau von Treumann, and that they would unite in hating and persecuting Fraulein Kuhrauber? Slowly it dawns upon the "Benefactress" that, were it not for the dear delights of animosity, these women would be very unhappy; that the loneliness of the country afflicts them; that they have nothing in common with each other, nor with her; and—saddest of all—that she herself is getting desperately tired of their perpetual presence by her hearth. She is ashamed of her failure to love and be loved. She makes giant resolutions, and stumblingly breaks them. What if Frau von Treumann insists on shutting all the windows, while she—English born and bred—gasps for air! What if Fraulein Kuhrauber eats with her knife, and the Baroness meddles with the servants and reads other people's letters! Are the joys of sisterhood to be surrendered for such trifles? The struggle goes piteously on until the pressure becomes unbearable. Then suddenly Anna lowers her flag, confesses defeat, and marries a sensible man.

How the tangled web is straightened and smoothed out, how the "chosen" are disposed of, and the niece educated, and the princess provided for, we are not told; but we leave such issues with perfect confidence in Axel Lohm's hands. He is a husband and a German, and knows how to meet them. "The flesh of females is very weak," sighs Pastor Manske piously, and doubtless all good Teutons will agree with him.

—*Agnes Repplier.*

## Mr. Friedman's Study in Steel

In the conscientiousness of his methods and the thoroughness of his original investigations, Mr. I. K. Friedman is entitled to be known as the Zola of Western literature. Several months ago he determined to write a novel dealing with life in the great steel mills. One of the largest plants of this kind in America is located in South Chicago about twelve miles from Mr. Friedman's home. Though he had no desire to play the heroic or make a needless sacrifice of personal comfort, his mind was fully made up to get employment as a common laborer in the mills provided he could secure regular admission to the "works" under no pleasanter conditions. He realized, however, that his breadth of view would be most seriously restricted by the limitations imposed upon an actual employee. He therefore appealed to the management and explained his wishes, whereupon precedents were waived and he was given the freedom of the plant.

The confidence imposed in the author of Poor People was, indeed, so great that he was given a pass allowing him to enter the grim city of belching furnaces after nightfall.

Often this enthusiastic student of the steel workers would remain far into the evening, and until too late to take a train for home. Although electric lines would have taken him back by an indirect route, he generally made the "short cut," and walked twelve miles home by the fine drive which skirts the lake shore and traverses the length of Jackson Park.

While engaged in the researches at the South Chicago steel mills, he occasionally remained with the workmen all night, fraternizing until a late hour with the roughest of the hands in their resorts and then sleeping until daybreak at the police station, where he was always a welcome guest.

## The Making of a Novelist

An early experience of Mr. Will Payne's, whose serial story, The Plant at Highgrove, is soon to appear in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, contributed to make him especially sensitive regarding editorial alterations in his manuscripts. He was then employed as a clerk in a small country bank in Nebraska, and his only effort in the field of fiction had been a story which filled a page of an Omaha paper and for which he received the compensation of five dollars.

This success inspired him to attempt a more ambitious story, on which he labored for weeks in the silence of the bank after business hours. Unlike the work which has brought him recognition as a foremost writer in the West, this story belonged to the ultra romantic school. It was full of Byronic fire, and had the mystery and movement of a Monte Cristo. The heroine was a "lady" of the most "beauteous" and adorable type; the hero was a dark Adonis whose flashing eyes shone sadly from under a massive brow adorned by Hyperion curls of raven blackness. By swift bounds the story moved forward to a bloody climax in which righteous vengeance consigned characters to gory graves and left the principals in the centre of the stage, surrounded by the tragic evidences of their valor and superhuman devotion.

With no little trepidation the young author mailed the manuscript to a once prominent magazine and awaited anxiously the results of his courageous attempt to secure a place among the ranks of real authors. Two weeks later he received a letter from the editor, and learned that the story was accepted and would be paid for by a year's free subscription to the periodical.

Being willing to sacrifice commercial considerations for a taste of literary fame, he accepted the proposition.

But when it appeared in the magazine he received a mental jolt from which, it is said by an intimate friend who relates the episode, he has never recovered. The tragic dénouement was not there. In place of the gory finale was an almost flippant paragraph in which it was stated that a note from "Marjorie" reached the despairing "Maurice" just as he was about to wreak vengeance upon those whom he believed had conspired to separate him from the object of his love; the dark mystery was suddenly cleared away and all joined in congratulations to the "happy couple."

This stroke of editorial interference for a time threatened completely to discourage the young author from further attempts in the literary field.

## Some of the New Books

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTION *Everett Tomlinson*. Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE TORY LOVER *Sarah Orne Jewett*. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

FLOOD-TIDE: *Sarah P. McL. Greene*. Harper & Brothers.

GALOPPOFF *Tudor Jenks*. Henry Altemus Company.

CAPS AND CAPERS: *Gabrielle E. Jackson*. Henry Altemus Company.

IACONETTA: *Mrs. M. E. M. Davis*. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

FAMILIAR FLOWERS OF FIELD AND GARDEN *F. Schuyler Mathews*. D. Appleton & Co.

THE PUNISHMENT OF THE STINGY: *George Bird Grinnell*. Harper & Brothers.


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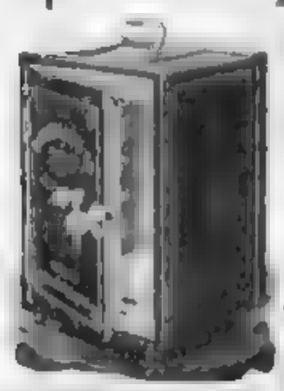

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# The Violin Connoisseur

## His Calling and His Adventures

## By Forrest Crissey

THERE is a vague impression in the public mind that rare old violins, commanding fabulous prices, once in a while come from obscure corners of the earth and are sometimes discovered in the possession of poor peasants, but it seldom occurs to persons outside of musical circles that the work of hunting out these masterpieces of the great violin makers constitutes one of the most difficult and peculiar professions known to this day of strange vocations. The precious old "Strads," Amatis and Magginis are not unearthed by mere chance from their ancient hiding-places and brought to the show-cases of the American or the European dealer, to whom the ambitious artist looks for the instrument which is to play so vital a part in establishing his fame. No mysterious chain of accidents is depended upon to bring these gems into the conventional channels of commerce, and the system by which Europe is searched and scoured for these costly treasures is as exact and clearly defined as that by which any other line of commerce is prosecuted

A violin expert must possess as much natural genius for his unique calling as the performer on the instrument requires to enable him to reach a high standing as an artist. He must also have years of experience in handling violins before he can be depended upon to distinguish with certainty between a genuine work of a great master and a clever forgery of such a masterpiece. The ear of the expert must be exquisite and as keen as his eye, for the most delicate variation in the tone quality, particularly when a certain standard of excellence has been passed, implies hundreds and perhaps thousands of dollars' difference in the value of the instrument. Shrewd and ready judgment of human nature is as vital to the success of the professional violin connoisseur as a knowledge of the peculiarities of the famous makers, of tone qualities and good "hunting grounds." Upon his ability to read human nature in the rough and mould it to his will often, perhaps generally, depends the success of a long tour through the remote violin districts of Italy, Hungary, Germany and the islands of the Adriatic.

Few Americans engaged in this strange calling have brought to this country more rare and costly old violins than Mr. Jay C. Freeman, who has spent many years in pursuit of his profession and has run the whole gauntlet of its dangers and its humors, its rewards and its disappointments. Having just returned from an extensive tour of this kind Mr. Freeman spoke with fresh inspiration on the peculiarities of his odd calling Here is his narrative as he related it in a cosy "den," surrounded by the precious trophies of his latest "hunt":

Although the vocation of violin connoisseur may not be classed among the perilous callings, it is not without its dangers and excitements. This peculiarity is easily accounted for by three facts: the intensely suspicious and excitable disposition of the people with whom he deals, the certainty that he must carry with him a comparatively large sum of ready money, and the remote and desperate character of the country into which his mission, if conscientiously prosecuted, requires him to travel. Then, too, he is looked upon by the general populace of these isolated and somewhat lawless districts as a "foreigner" bent on taking advantage of the uninformed native and filching from him for a "song" an heirloom instrument worth a fortune. In short, he is regarded as a moneyed alien whose mission is to prey upon the ignorance and credulity of the inhabitants for the purpose of taking from a music-loving people its rarest instrumental treasures

In almost every community where the connoisseur might naturally expect to find the examples of the work of the great violin makers is a man known as an "unter-handler." He is a resident of the district, who makes a business of collecting information regarding the good violins of his territory, and his scent for these treasures is as acute as that of a hound for the trail. One of the most expert of these unter handlers is a captain in the Italian army; another holds a civil position in the service of the government; and still another is a titled gentleman whose family and fortune have suffered disaster

The first act of the visiting connoisseur is to establish himself in the good graces of the resident unter-handler, who acts as a pilot and go-between in locating and purchasing the desirable instruments of the district. The two travel together and the unter-handler acts as guide, interpreter and agent

Sometimes one meets with an adventure, and especially when dealing with fiery and volatile Italians. Never have I encountered a more furious display of passion than was brought into my way while strolling about picturesque old Genoa in company with a captain in the Italian army. Our search that day had been fruitful, and I had added two superb gems to my collection. The spoils had been sufficient for one day and I was content to turn into a little barber shop and patiently wait my turn for a place in the chair. While thus engaged the captain and I "talked shop," and finally I discovered that the barber was listening attentively to our conversation. Finally he ventured to point to his curly-headed boy, on the pavement outside, and remarked that he had hopes that he would make of the boy a performer who should sometime take a high place in the orchestra and earn more fire in a day than he himself could take in at the shop. I congratulated him on the boy's prospects and instantly he ordered the lad to bring his little fiddle and give us an example of his bowing. The little fellow scampered away into the living-rooms at the rear of the shop, and soon returned with an instrument of the miniature kind, which he handled with remarkable skill for a mere child. The father's face became fairly radiant under the compliments which we bestowed upon the tiny performer. There was no checking the flow of his confidential talk, and the view which he gave us of the future musical triumphs of his hopeful was so vivid that I could almost see him wielding the baton at the head of the orchestra. A lack of proportion between the scroll and the body of the instrument attracted my attention, and I asked the proud owner to allow me to examine it.

As the boy placed the violin in my hands the father remarked

"You see, gentlemen, a poor barber cannot afford to buy little violins for his children to begin on and soon outgrow. And still I was impatient for little Antonio to begin at once, before another birthday came to him What did I do? Ah! it was easily managed, I assure you. Why, I simply took the big fiddle, on which my father used to play when I was a child, to the shop and had it cut down to this. Was it not a good piece of business, sirs?"

Meantime, while he was chattering this account of how he had provided, for a pittance, a half-sized fiddle, I had been examining the instrument. The tortures of regret which seized upon me as I saw what the economy of the barber had wrought are not


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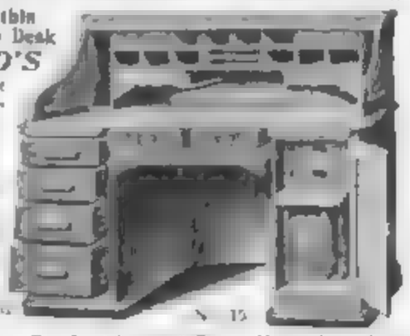

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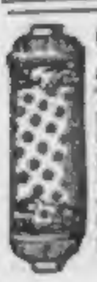

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to be understood by any person who knows not the reverence inspired by the work of a master violin maker in the mind of a devoted connoisseur. My face must have betrayed the sudden and violent change in my emotions, for the barber lifted the razor from the face of his patron and looked at me keenly the very instant I exclaimed:

"A good piece of business! Ah, yes! To save ten lire you have destroyed a glorious Joseph Guarnerius del Gesu for which I would gladly have paid you ten thousand!"

"And will you pay me nothing—nothing?" he asked wildly, as he left his chair, threw down his razor and seized the instrument in his shaking hands.

"Not a lire," I replied. "It is useless—utterly ruined."

The instrument fell from his grasp, and with a string of furious oaths he shouted that all the saints had deserted him, and that he would cut his own throat.

The instant the words left the fellow's lips my companion leaped forward, pinioned the barber's arms and threw him to the floor, the moment before the outstretched fingers grasped the nearest razor. There was a brief struggle, but the captain had handled too many excited prisoners to be shaken off by a man of less than his own weight. The barber's paroxysms were in vain, and when he had been long enough in the grip of the military unter-handler to cool down a little I exclaimed:

"Of course, the instrument is worthless to a performer; but I will give you two hundred and fifty lire for what is left of it, just for a memento."

His struggles suddenly ceased, and smiles gave place to the paroxysms of anguish which had convulsed his features.

"Oh!" he exclaimed; "that is not ten thousand; but it is much. And think what it will buy for Antonio!"

On arriving in London on one trip I found a letter awaiting me which announced that its writer, who lived in Hanover, had one of the best private collections of old violins in Europe, and I was invited to inspect them.

It was dusk when I reached Hanover. At my hotel I left nearly all the cash I had with me. Then, too, I put a pistol in my pocket. At first I was almost ashamed that I had thus consented to show the white feather, but when I found in what a poor and forbidding section of the city my correspondent lived I tempered my self-condemnation.

Finally I found the tenement named in the letter and began to grope my way up a dark and narrow stairway. Five flights were ascended before reaching the wretched apartments to which my visit was to be paid. The man who admitted me and acknowledged he had written me had one of the most villainous faces I ever looked upon. From the start his attitude was aggressive and even threatening. Taking from a case a clever German copy of the best Amati model he exclaimed: "No man has ever dared tell me that this is not a genuine and indisputable Amati—and a gem. You shall have it for only ten thousand marks. Of course, you are able to pay on the spot? Yes?"

"There is no trouble," I remarked, "about my ability to pay for any instrument I may ask you to bring to my hotel. I am not in the habit of stumbling about a dark city at night with Amatis under my arms—or with cash to pay for them in my pocket. Besides, I have no idea of buying this for an Amati. It may be one, but my judgment is that the fiddle is an excellent imitation in the best style of Klotz."

Instantly my host flew into a towering passion and his protests began to turn into threats. Seeing I had to deal with either a fanatic or a man seeking to provoke a quarrel as a pretext under which he might assault or rob me, I repeated his terms: "Ten thousand marks, did you say?"—at the same moment reaching as if to draw my purse. Instead I drew my pistol and quietly transferred it to the side pocket of my coat. A wicked scowl of disappointment and rage clouded his wicked face as he drew back.

"No," I continued; "it is not an Amati, and you know that I know it is not. If you care to show me any examples of the good makers you may bring them to my hotel."

For a moment, as I stepped into the stairway, he looked as if he were about to spring at me, although he knew I was armed. Carefully I picked my way down the stairs, listening for any commotion above or below me, and suspecting he might have confederates in ambush at a dark landing or passageway. But I reached the street safely and returned to my hotel, taking the first train out of the city. The viciousness of that fellow's face has haunted me ever since.

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*Turn back this page. There is something on the other side of it that will interest you.*
*John Wanamaker*


## Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

*(Concluded from Page 5)*

that it wasn't the leather business. It seemed that he had said the same thing to his father and that the old man had answered, "Tut, tut," and told him to forget it and to learn hides.

Simpkins learned all that he wanted to know about the packing industry in thirty days, and I learned all that I wanted to know about Ezra in the same time. Pork-packing seemed to be the only thing that he wasn't interested in. I got his resignation one day just five minutes before the one which I was having written out for him was ready; for I will do Simpkins the justice to say that there was nothing slow about him. He and his father split up, temporarily, over it, and, of course, it cost me the old man's trade and friendship. I want to say right here that the easiest way in the world to make enemies is to hire friends.

I lost sight of Simpkins for a while and then he turned up at the office one morning as friendly and as familiar as ever. Said he was a reporter and wanted to interview me on the December wheat deal. Of course, I wouldn't talk on that, but I gave him a little fatherly advice—told him he would sleep in a hall bedroom all his life if he didn't quit his foolishness and go back to his father, though I didn't really believe it. He thanked me and went off and wrote a column about what I might have said about December wheat, and someway gave the impression that I had said it.

The next I heard of Simpkins he was dead. The Associated Press dispatches announced it, the Cuban Junta confirmed it, and last of all, a long dispatch from Simpkins himself detailed the circumstances leading up to the "atrocity," as the headlines in his paper called it.

I got a long wire from Ezra's father asking me to see the managing editor and find out the facts for him. It seemed that the paper had thought a heap of Simpkins and that he had been sent out to Cuba as a correspondent, and stationed with the Insurgent army. Simpkins in Cuba had evidently lived up to the reputation of Simpkins in Chicago. When there was any news he sent it, and when there wasn't he just made news and sent that along.

The first word of his death had come in his own letter, brought across on a filibustering steamer and wired on from Jacksonville. It told, with close attention to detail—something he had learned since he left me—how he had strayed away from the little band of insurgents with which he had been out scouting and had blundered into the Spanish lines. He had been promptly made a prisoner, and, despite his papers proving his American citizenship, and the nature of his job, and the red cross on his sleeve, he had been tried by drumhead court martial and sentenced to be shot at dawn. All this he had written out, and then, that his account might be complete, he had gone on and imagined his own execution. This was written in a sort of pigeon, or perhaps you would call it black Spanish, English, and let on to be the work of the eyewitness to whom Simpkins had confided his letter. He had been the sentry over the prisoner, and for a small bribe in hand and the promise of a larger one from the paper he had turned his back on Simpkins while he wrote out the story, and afterward had deserted and carried it to the Cuban lines.

The account ended: "Then, as the order to fire was given by the lieutenant, Señor Simpkins raised his eyes toward Heaven and cried: 'I protest in the name of my American citizenship!'" At the end of the letter, and not intended for publication, was scrawled: "This is a bully scoop for you, boys, but it's pretty tough on me. Good-by. Simpkins."

The managing editor dashed a tear from his eye when he read this to me, and gulped a little as he said: "I can't help it; he was such a d——d thoughtful boy. Why, he even remembered to inclose descriptions for the pictures!"

Simpkins' last story covered the whole of the front page and three columns of the second, and it just naturally sold cords of papers. His editor demanded that the State Department take it up, though the Spaniards denied the execution or any previous knowledge of any such person as this Señor Simpkins. That made another page in the paper, of course, and then they got up a memorial service, which was good for three columns. One of those fellows that you can find in every office, who goes around and makes the boys give up their lunch money to buy flowers for the deceased aunt of the cellar boss' wife, managed to collect twenty dollars among our clerks, and they sent a floral notebook, with "Gone to Press" done in blue immortelles on the cover, as their "tribute."

I put on a plug hat and attended the service out of respect to his father. I had hardly got back to the office before I received a wire from Jamaica reading: "Cable your correspondent here to let me have hundred. Notify father all hunk. Keep it dark from others. Simpkins."

I kept it dark and Ezra came back to life by easy stages and in such a way as not to attract any special attention to himself. He managed to get the impression around that he'd been snatched from the jaws of death by a rescue party at the last moment. The last I heard of him he was in New York and drawing ten thousand a year, which was more than he could have worked up to in the leather business in a century.

Fifty or a hundred years ago, when there was good money in poetry, a man with Simpkins' imagination would naturally have been a bard, as I believe they used to call the top-notchers; and, once he was turned loose to root for himself, he instinctively smelled out the business where he could use a little poetic license and made a hit in it.

When a pup has been born to point partridges there's no use trying to run a fox with him. I was a little uncertain about you at first, but I guess the Lord intended you to hunt with the pack. Get the scent in your nostrils and keep your nose to the ground, and don't worry too much about the end of the chase. The fun of the thing's in the run and not in the finish.

Your affectionate father,
JOHN GRAHAM.

**Editor's Note**—This is the seventh of the Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son.

## The King of Dudes

MR. CHARLES BANCROFT DILLINGHAM, who, in addition to managing theatres and dramatic stars, serves as confidential representative of Mr. Charles Frohman, is a man of unique originality. He was a newspaper man before he entered the theatrical field, and when he first went to New York he experienced many trials.

"I got to the point," he relates, "where the only thing between me and Fate was a plate of buckwheat cakes."

He had had years of experience as a journalist, but was boyish in appearance. One of the newspapers of Manhattan prefers to recruit its force from the ranks of untrained young men, advancing them as they learn the peculiar needs and methods of that particular journal. This gave Dillingham an idea. Assuming the rôle of a raw youth he applied to the editor, saying that he had long cherished the ambition to become a reporter.

His seeming ingenuousness made an impression and he was engaged at a boy's salary. With the zest of a neophyte he accepted instruction in details which he had mastered a decade before. At first he carefully avoided in his copy the telltale marks of the journalist, writing his reports on foolscap with painful and Spencerian precision, and paying vast attention to margins. He did not omit, however, to make his matter sparkle.

The office believed it had made a rare discovery and the unusually "promising youth" was soon promoted to the post of dramatic critic.

An incident that had occurred several years before, in Chicago, had displayed Mr. Dillingham's resourcefulness. An Indian Maharaja had arrived from Nepal, and this potentate refused to see any of the newspaper men, saying that he would meet only men of title.

Dillingham went to a costumer's and rigged himself up in glittering style. Then behind white horses he was driven to the Maharaja's hotel, and, followed by a train of reporters, marched to that nobleman's apartments. An engraved card announced "The American King of the Dudes," and Dillingham and his party were admitted.

"These," said Dillingham, indicating the dozen or more journalists, "are my secretaries." The next day, doubtless to the great amazement of the imposing Asiatic, there appeared elaborate interviews with him in every paper in Chicago.


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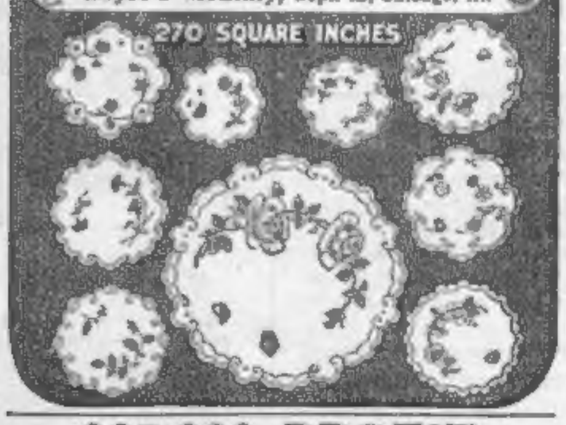




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## Good Old Yale's Birthday Party

*(Concluded from Page 9)*

But the pictures that made the strongest hit with the old graduates were those depicting defunct habits and customs of Yale undergraduate life: the old-fashioned initiation into the freshman secret societies—a very realistic picture; the burial of Euclid; the Old Fence by night with students singing songs, and the same scene by day with the passers-by, and the effect upon the scene of the announcement of a baseball victory. When the nine enters it is carried off on a cloud of glory even as in the good young modern times.

V

ON THE last day of the celebration came the conferring of the degrees. This was where the President appeared, and it is not impolite to say that while Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman was reading his commemorative poem, and while Mr. Justice Brewer was pronouncing his commemorative address, and even while Professor Goodell's superb Greek Festival hymn was being given with Professor Parker's distinguished music, a great many in that closely packed audience were straining to get a look at the President who fights and writes and shoots and climbs mountains when he is not governing these United States.

They wanted to see him more than Marquis Ito or Admiral Sampson, who was so shattered in health that he had to be helped to his place down the stage when it came his time to be presented the degree of LL. D. They did not care to be bothered with mere educators and scientists, or novelists and magazine editors. They wanted to see President Roosevelt. Indeed, when it came time for him to receive his degree—he was held until the last—and all the audience out of respect arose when he did, some of the alumni in the gallery shouted, "Sit down, sit down; we can't see him," to the visiting dignitaries and delegates on the stage who had also arisen. They had come there, many of these old graduates, from many miles away, and they did not mean to be cheated out of this part of it. They did not care for a little thing like academic dignity; they wanted to see the President and get near him. The request was made before the assemblage was dismissed that the audience would please remain in their places until the Academic Procession had passed out. But the Academic Procession, when last seen in that building, was hopelessly mixed up and discouraged, and a surging crowd of American people was trying to get within gazing distance of their President. It was not very kind or dignified, perhaps, to break up an academic procession. But after all, it was a healthy sort of demonstration with which to terminate a very successful event.

## Growing Hybrid Fruit

EFFORTS are being made to cross the grape-fruit with the orange, and already with some success. It is thought that some new and valuable fruits may be created in this way. A very satisfactory hybrid has been obtained between the Tangerine orange and the "pomelo," which is the proper horticultural name of the grape-fruit.

The grape-fruit—so called because its large spherical fruits grow in grapelike clusters of from three to eighteen—has only recently come into popular favor. Fifteen years ago it was practically unknown as a commercial product, though Florida people considered it tonic and refreshing. For lack of market, great quantities of pomelos were left to rot annually in the Flowery Peninsula. But Northern visitors in that part of the country learned to know and like the grape-fruit, and a demand was created by their desire for it on their return home.

Fifteen years ago the first pomelos were shipped to New York and Philadelphia, and were sold for fifty cents a barrel. But the taste for them grew, and better prices were soon realized. The great freeze of 1894–5 reduced the crop to a large extent, and the few pomelos sold that year brought enormous prices, sometimes as much as from $15 to $20 a box. The ordinary price nowadays is from $4 to $7 a box. Thousands of the trees have been newly set out in Florida, and the prospect is that the supply will keep pace with the demand which has been created by the increasing appreciation of fruit consumers. If the experiments in crossing it with the orange prove as successful as is hoped, some interesting novelties in the fruit line may be expected.


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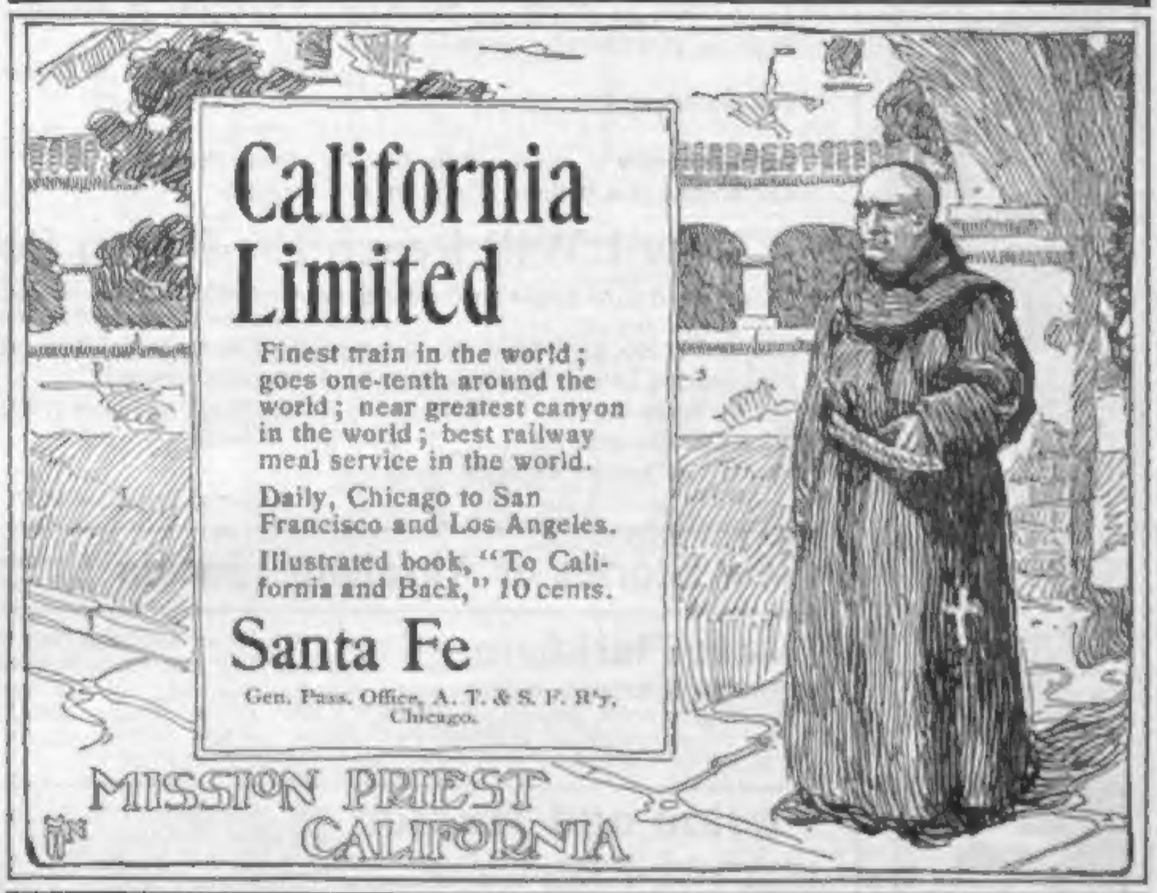
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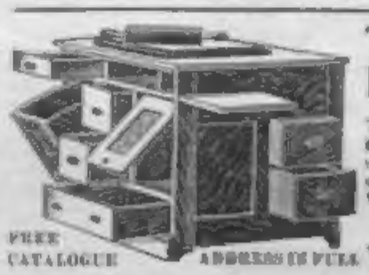

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**"The Making of a Railroad Man," by A. J. Cassatt**
**"Failure and Inspiration," by Hon. B. B. Odell, Jr.**
**"The Need of Young Men in Politics," by Hon. Galusha A. Grow**
**"Education Late in Life," by Hamilton Wright Mabie**
**"The Man and His Salary," by Lyman J. Gage**
**"The Habit of Charity," by Count Tolstoy**
**"The Public Use of Wealth," by Edward Everett Hale**
**"Taxation and Its Limitations," by Tom L. Johnson**

### "How I Will Reach the North Pole Next Year"—Evelyn B. Baldwin

The last word from Explorer Baldwin sent to SUCCESS, per Steamer Frithjof, from Camp Ziegler, Franz Josef Land. Nothing more will be heard from Mr. Baldwin until late in August, 1902.

**"Conquest of the Air," by A. Graham Bell and Alberto Santos-Dumont**
**"Transmuting Leisure into Success," by Sir Thomas Lipton**
**"The Air Brake Did It—The Evolution of Railroading," by James J. Hill**
**"Mixing Brains with the Soil," by Prof. I. P. Roberts**
**"Thrift," by Andrew Carnegie**
**"Physical Culture as a Life-Giver," by Prof. Dudley A. Sargent**
**"The Navy and Its Needs," by Admiral George Dewey**
**"What is the American Peril," by Joseph Chamberlain**
**"The Romance of Plymouth Church," by S. V. White**
**"Marriage," by Mary A. Livermore**
**"American Invention in the Old World," by Hiram Maxim**

### New Stories of Abraham Lincoln

A series of hitherto unpublished reminiscences of the great emancipator, which will constitute one of the most striking magazine features of the year.

**Edwin Markham,** author of "The Man with the Hoe," and other stirring poems, will contribute to SUCCESS during 1902. Some of his subjects will be: *"The Redemptive Power of Work," "The House of the Soul," "The Imagination as a Practical Force," "The Heroic in the Human and Common,"* and *"The Saving Power of Poetry."*

**Ella Wheeler Wilcox** has also been engaged as a special contributor and will write on the following subjects: *"The Disadvantages of Greed," "The Makers of Misery," "Optimism Compared with Gold," "Consolation of a Noble Life," "Contentment and Its Inestimable Value,"* and *"Envy Shoots at Others but Hits Itself."*

### Fiction and Humor

The character of the fiction which SUCCESS will present to its readers during the coming year will be of the very highest order. No expense has been spared to secure the services of the greatest short-story writers of the age. Among them are Frank H. Spearman, Frederick Palmer, the noted war correspondent, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Cy Warman, John Oxenham, Robert Barr, Phillip Verrill Mighels, Jack London, Howard Fielding, Amelia E. Barr, Maurice Hewlett, author of *"The Forest Lovers,"* Gertrude Atherton, and many others. "How to be Optimistic Under Pessimistic Conditions" will be told in the famous cartoons of the eminent artist, Albert Levering, with humorous verse and stories by such well-known fun makers as R. K. Munkittrick, editor of *Judge*, Carolyn Wells, Lee Fairchild, Jerome K. Jerome, Robert J. Burdette, Alfred J. Waterhouse and Robert H. Davis. The humor in SUCCESS is the kind that fills your soul with sunshine and makes you smile during the hours of hardest toil.

### Talks with Uncle Sam and Miss Columbia

In a unique series of articles Uncle Sam will tell the young men of the United States where best to seek and develop their opportunities, and our patron goddess, Columbia, will talk to the gentler sex on many interesting themes. Both will speak in their own quaint style through some of the best-known and most-successful men and women of the day.

***SUCCESS*** ***is sending a special representative through Europe to secure special articles on the great questions of the day by the most eminent living authorities.***

### Art Features

SUCCESS illustrations are already famous. Its cover designs and text illustrations will continue to be executed in the best style by noted artists. Among these may be mentioned Maxfield Parrish, J. C. Leyendecker, Will Crawford, Mrs. Weber, F. R. Gruger, Jean Paleologue, Louis Fleming, Howard McCormick, Frank Verbeck, Wm. De L. Dodge, Albert Levering, Egbert N. Clark, Albert Hencke, Herman Heyer and Charles Sarka.

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